

July 11, 1936

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

A Short Short Story by
Damon Runyon



jon whitcomb

Double Trouble

A short story

By **Hugh O'Connor**
and **Walter D.**

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Next Week

CORBIN was at the track. Today, of all days, he dared to be there, counting on the crowds by which he lived to shelter him from the eagle eyes that never forget a face. For today, win or lose, was to be gallant old Top Hamper's day and, at long last, Corbin's day, too. Max Brand relates the dramatic and exciting story of a great horse and a lesser man who came together down "The Last Stretch."

"THEY'RE just children—delightful children, the Filipinos," says the American living in Manila. Just children, and yet— You hire a native chauffeur or see your tires slashed to ribbons. You engage a houseboy who cuts your market bills in half, but who shortly takes a trip to America on his share of the "squeeze." You see white men drinking very much and brown men not at all. You read that there are too many journalists and too many lawyers—the university will close for a while. And you learn to look askance at these and many other manifestations of "childishness." From the Philippines Jim Marshall sends a colorful story of the "Manila Merry-go-Round."

JOE BERENSON wanted The Ormsby for his new play. "You go over to Paris," he told Philip Manson, "and bring her back alive." That, Mr. Manson discovered, was not going to be so easy. There were complications, notably the Sneddon fellow, who, in addition to having a gilt-edged movie contract for The Ormsby, had what it took to get it signed. But there was also Winkie, a young lady who called herself "The Little Red Rooster" and who proved to be a very handy person to have around, contract or no contract. Blake Cabot writes this gay tale of romance on the Riviera.

FOR a good many years they have been sending in strong young fellows to punch out a finish to the amazing career of Tony Canzoneri, the fighting king of the lightweights. And Tony's still in there. Still champ, and fighting his fights as honestly as a good horse runs. What holds the great little guy up? Quentin Reynolds tells you as he reviews the story of Canzoneri's rise to lasting fistic fame.

JAMES ASWELL writes the Short Short and Paul Augsburg contributes a short story. There will be additional articles and fiction by George Creel, Peter Paul O'Mara, Ruth Carson, Freling Foster and others, while Ernest Haycox and Teresa Hyde Phillips, with their galloping serials, help you forget the heat.

This Week

July 11, 1936

Cover by Alan Foster

HUGH O'CONNOR and WALTER DURANTY

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EDITORIAL

A Home of Your Own. Page 54

Any Week

WE ARE informed by Mr. Ted Mawleen of Atlantic City, New Jersey, that his famous home town is the scene of "conventions too numerous to mention." Mr. Mawleen has seen so many conventions that "even if they were sober I wouldn't be surprised." But not long ago "one of them got into the papers by demanding that President Roosevelt gag, throttle and otherwise curb Mr. Edgar Hoover's G-men because they have said mean things about our probation systems. I did not catch the name of the petitioning organization," says Mr. Mawleen, "on account of the wild cheering of our local public enemies."

OF COURSE we don't have to apologize to General Antonio López de Santa Anna. He died in 1876. But we do not take advantage of such technicalities. Besides, we like in this way to notify Mr. M. W. Bell of Tucson, Arizona, that he's right. Mr. Bell has caught Owen P. White saying that the Texans captured the one-legged general in their brawl with Mexico. They caught him, all right, but not his wooden leg. The French gave him that a while later at Vera Cruz.

WE SHALL probably get into trouble publishing this one. The writer, courageously preferring not to sign his name, assures us that "the press of the country is controlled by the conspirators plotting to wreck Christian America and liquidate true Americans, therefore you will not dare print this warning." The warning seems to be against "the thickening plot of The International Communistic Commonwealth, whose gory claws are about to consume us in a flood of subtle poison whose foul breath will swallow our sacred traditions in unquenchable fire and crush us against the wall of false propaganda."



ALL of which, as anyone can see, would result in a rather nasty mess. And yet Madame Byzantario of Detroit, Michigan, assures us that we may as well be resigned because, says Madame, "beginning at noon, December 10, 1936, there will be no United States of America." If we had five dollars and sent it to the lady she would, she promises, send us the rest of it—what would supplant our present forms, who would bring the change to pass and what we might expect of the future.

BUT if we had five dollars we'd join The Militant Christian Front and spend our remaining days snapping our fingers at Moscow. The boss of The Militant Christian Front is known as The First Crusader. All we'd have to do would be to send five dollars in cash to a certain post-office box and "be assured that from the moment the money arrives you and yours shall be watched over by our agents who, at the lifting of a hand, will summon to your aid millions of us who will defend our members to the death."



THAT'S the trouble with all those organizations—always doing things to the death. Such gory souls. Sometimes we are tempted to suspect that they're not all that they represent themselves to be—a trifle over-enthusiastic. Yet, occasionally, even we are accused of drawing too much upon our imagination. By Mr. Merrill E. DeLong of Burnet, Texas, for example. "I have," says Mr. DeLong, "read your department for years on end and to this day I strongly suspect that your stuff is the brain child of one of your staff writers. But if this appears in your columns I'll know that you deal in real folks and not mere ghosts."

MR. JOHN M. STEWART of Andover, Massachusetts, notifies us that it is his firm belief that most of the planks in the presidential platforms, which according to Mr. Stewart were adopted in the spirit of good clean fun in Philadelphia and Cleveland, are of slippery elm hewn by chiselers and knocked together by monkey-wrench throwers.

BUT what of it? Several of our readers, Mrs. E. Davis Gregor of Palo Alto, California, among them, leap into this particular spot with the news that (quoting Mrs. Gregor) "nobody remembers what any platform promised until the following election, when the outs try to scare the people into letting them in by telling us that the ins haven't paid any attention to it. Platforms are like tipping your hat to the ladies—pretty gestures not to be taken too seriously."

SO, HAVING disposed of that, we may as well tell you that we've been writing this column under quite a strain. Our dog Frederick just died.

WE'RE off to his funeral.



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CLICK...CLICK...another Plymouth differential is locked into the testing machine. Whirrr...the power goes on...and you're watching gears turning at the rate of 10—20—40 miles an hour.

Good, perfectly cut gears sing so low and quiet a song that average ears can hardly hear it. Any imperfections change that song.

This Plymouth gear-tester has a fine ear, as they say, for gears...and only those that are so quiet you'd scarcely hear them, can get by him.

All day long, on endless conveyors, the gear assemblies file solemnly through sound-proofed testing rooms. And before they reach the test rooms,

they have already had inspection after inspection...of material and workmanship both.

The test-expert's trained eyes detect any gear set that looks even slightly suspicious...and then he double-checks it by ear...on the machine that makes them sing.

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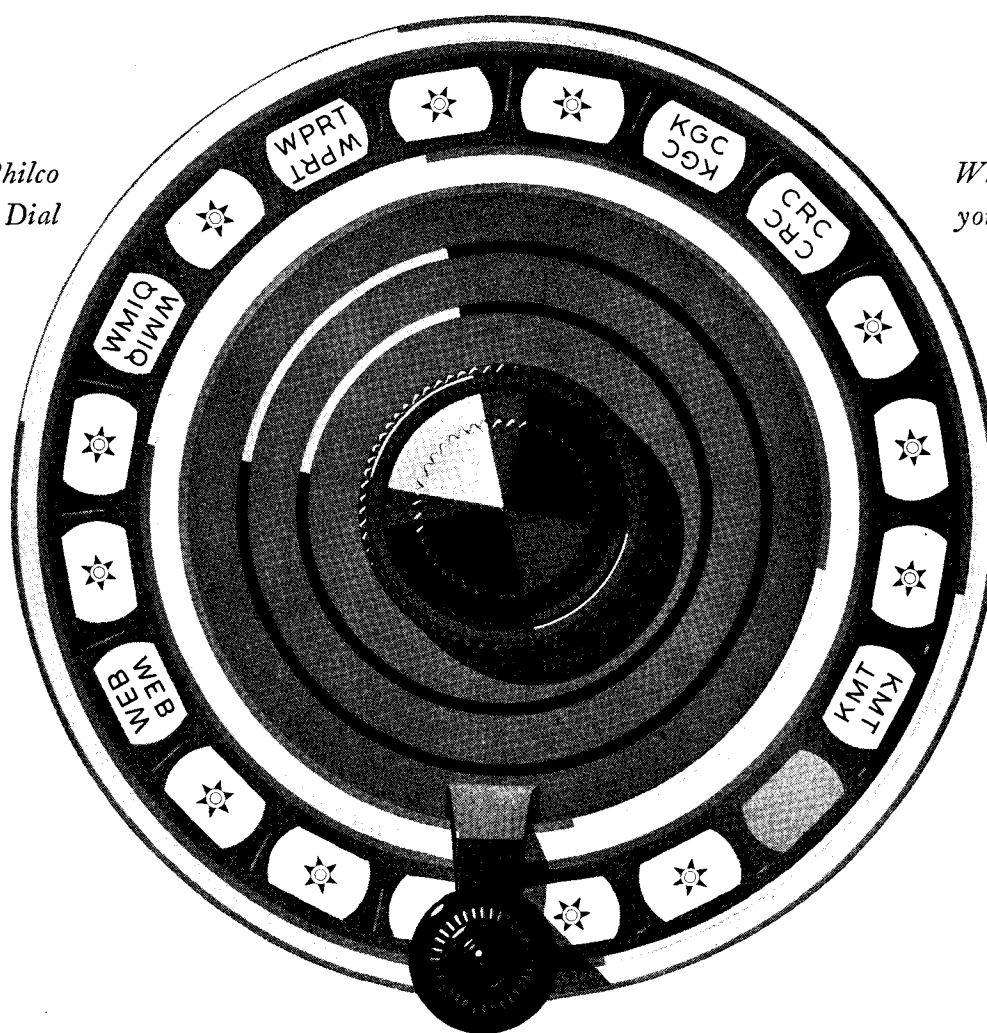
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*Typical setting of Philco
Automatic Tuning Dial*



*Wherever you live,
your dealer will replace
these mythical call letters
with those of your
favorite stations*

...and again *"Only Philco has it!"*

"He has the grand manner," the concierge had said. "And he is generous. He may be your future"



*The story of a man who
gambled with Death—
with the dice loaded*

MAGDA was impressed by him at first sight. So was the concierge who brought his flowers and his card from the stage door. "He has the grand manner," the concierge had said. "And he is generous. He may be your future."

She liked his taste in wines and the quiet readiness with which he paid for the best the night they met. M. Termann became Gustave, and Mme. Covaky became Magda. Her curiosity grew with her affection, but after a week she knew no more about him than after the first night.

He did not seem to have any business—certainly none that was pressing—yet he told her he must remain three days longer in Paris before he could follow her to Switzerland, where her next engagement was to dance at the Casino in Bern.

Magda said she suspected there was another woman. She stormed. She cajoled. She said he would come with her immediately if he really cared as much as she did. It was an ardent performance. And, in a burst of the generosity which sometimes surprises a man when he is stirred by a woman, he satisfied her curiosity.

"HAVE you ever heard of John Harley?" he asked.

"The great John Harley?" she said. "Isn't he the richest Englishman on the Continent?"

"Yes," said he, "and he hates to sit at great state banquets and public ceremonies listening to dull speeches, when he might be elsewhere doing something more pleasant."

She cried out in delight, "And so you are John Harley!"

"Only sometimes," he said regretfully.

She was bewildered. "How can you be only sometimes John Harley?"

"Only when he wants me to be," he replied. "I am really an actor—or I was until he saw me in a show and noticed that I resembled him amazingly. Now I am John Harley's double. For two years I have taken his place on public occasions."

Magda was thrilled. "That's better than a story book," she cried.

"It's a great secret," he said. "He

wouldn't take me to America with him because the American newspapers watch people so closely. He has had to make all his own public appearances there, and he is probably sick of it. That's why I must be in Paris when he comes back on Tuesday. I may have to receive the Legion of Honor or a delegation of grateful Rumanian bankers, or something of the sort, before I can get away to Bern."

"Oh," she said, "I should love to see you as John Harley."

"Sometime or other," he said, "I will try to arrange it."

When he put Magda on the train for Bern, he said he still hoped to arrive on Wednesday morning, but would telephone if anything interfered.

MEANWHILE John Harley was in mid-ocean. Wireless reports from Paris warned him of heavy selling of Harley securities. He bought but could not stop the movement. Apparently some group aware of his true situation was selling him short—selling securities they did not have at present but would be able to supply profitably after they had smashed him.

He suspected his own associates. They were the most likely to have discovered what he was doing. They had asked him to return to Paris for an urgent conference. And while waiting they were probably trying to recover as much as possible from the market.

For years he had proceeded on the principle that his credit need no longer have any relation to his assets, because they were believed to be there. His assets were now the gold reserve, which everyone believed adequate, although no one had ever counted it—or even seen it. Currencies had gone on for years with the gold reserve removed.

For years, therefore, Harley had lied and made false statements at will. He had multiplied his assets from corporation to corporation, from nation to nation. His credit had become what he chose to make it. He felt sure that he was on his way to the financial domination of Europe—until the depression lasted too long.

Now it would be only a short while before some prison enclosed him for the rest of his life—desperately he searched for another way out. The more he struggled, the greater the sense of frustration became. It moved in on him like prison walls. He knew the associates who had given him absolute power had already begun to hunt him down on the security exchanges of the world.

THAT was the way he crossed the ocean. When he reached Paris on Tuesday afternoon he was so tired in mind and body that he wanted nothing more to do with the problem. He felt suffocated by it and his eyes ached. But he could not get away from it. He stopped on the way from the boat train and bought a pistol. He felt relieved even as he handled it in the gunsmith's shop.

He drove to his Paris headquarters—a mansion in the Faubourg St. Germain which once belonged to Prince Eugène de Beauharnais, stepson of the great Napoleon.

The front of the house on the Rue de Lille was occupied by Harley's resident secretaries and servants. A central court of honor, which had been turned into a garden, separated them from the rear of the establishment, where Harley had fitted out his private apartment. He was further isolated by soundproofing. Neither servants nor associates ever entered here except when summoned.

Before shutting himself up in this private apartment Harley gave only one order—he did not want to be disturbed by anyone until his associates arrived late that evening. Alone he paced the floor; he sat down; he rose; he tried to sleep. He started all over again.

He was no longer even attempting to think, but thoughts continued to move through his head like inert fragments. There was no purpose to it.

He poured himself a brandy highball in which he used champagne instead of soda. At that moment, his banking associates were making a fortune selling Harley securities which they did not have while preparing to ruin him for listing assets that he did not have. Everything seemed to have become unreasonable.

As he drank steadily, his suicide took on a heroic aspect. He began to feel he was not just a man driven frantically to suicide. He was one who had set up a new credit system which the world was too stupid to accept; and he was now about to step out deliberately and let the entire system fall in on them, as a judgment on their stupidity. This was a historic occasion.

His nerves steadied as he put the loaded pistol under the pillow of his bed and turned to arrangements for making his exit with the greatest shock to the world. He would give them no warning and leave no instructions what to do.

To his father and sister, for whom he had provided handsomely in England and whom he seldom saw, he wrote a jointly addressed note: "You know my affection for you. Goodbye. Please have my body cremated."

TO HIS chief secretary he addressed an envelope and enclosed his card inscribed "Goodbye and thank you," together with a sheaf of American banknotes making ten thousand dollars.

He always carried a large sum of assorted currencies from which he dispensed rewards to executives and agents who had produced some notably good result or provided first news of some important development. He considered a bonus to have the greatest effect when it was immediate and in cash. He likewise applied the principle to bribes. Now he piled up the unused balance of the fund on his desk without even counting it. He no longer had any need for it. The pistol under his pillow was of more use.

His only other envelope was addressed to his chief executive, reading simply: "As I have made such a mess of things, I think this is the best solution for everybody concerned."

The telephone before him began muttering. It was equipped that way to avoid unseemly noises. He took up the receiver impatiently to find out who dared to intrude on this most private wire.

"This is Gustave Termann, sir," said the voice. "I saw in the afternoon papers that you had returned. Do you expect to make use of me?"

"No," said Harley. "There seems to be no occasion . . . for some time . . . I shall be leaving here almost immediately."

"Perhaps you would have occasion to make use of me where you are going, sir," said Termann.

"That would be difficult," said Harley. The idea gave him some ironic amusement. He said suddenly, "On second thought, perhaps I can use you. How long will it take you to get here?"

"About one minute, sir," said Termann. "I'm telephoning from the next street."

"Come immediately," said Harley, "and I shall decide meanwhile what to do. The private entrance on the Quai d'Orsay as usual, and ring three times."

He had little time to decide anything before a bell on his desk uttered the triple ring like an old clock chiming. He opened the private door into a remodeled back staircase once used by servants, and let in Termann.

Harley silenced him with a gesture, poured an inch of brandy for him and filled it up with champagne. "Drink

that," he ordered, "while I make up my mind."

"This is a great honor, sir," said Termann, regarding the drink with a mixture of surprise and deference.

Like a general surveying a battlefield he had chosen, Harley marched about the apartment.

"This time," he said, "it is much more important than passing yourself off as Harley at a public ceremony. I propose that you should stay here to receive a group of my associates, to hold them off. I shall need as much time as possible. Have you any relatives or close friends who will miss you in the meanwhile?"

"None, sir," said Termann earnestly. "I have relatives, but I never see them. Because of a woman, I had to leave home and change my name. And—"

Harley cut him short.

"Very well," he said. "You are to act a nervous breakdown requiring an indefinite rest. When my associates arrive, act confused, enraged, say that you must have sleep. Shout to them to get out and leave you to your doctors. Tell them you can no longer remember things you were carrying in your head. That ought to paralyze them. My secretary

will be with them and he can be depended upon to take charge of the situation and get rid of them. You are to stay in bed here until I return."

"Then it may take days," said Termann inquiringly.

"Unless," said Harley ironically, "you have some more important engagement."

"No, sir, of course not, sir," said Termann hurriedly. "It is only that I did not expect it. I bought a ticket to Bern tonight and my bag is already packed in my hotel room. I only wanted to see some of the Swiss Oberland."

HARLEY looked at him in astonishment.

"Nothing," he said, "could be more convenient. Bern is on my route to Milan. I will take your bag and use your ticket. Meanwhile the Swiss Oberland will have to wait for you."

"Of course, sir," said Termann humbly. "Excuse me for mentioning it." He turned over his hotel key to Harley with detailed directions for finding the room.

"Now put on my pajamas and get into bed for a quick rehearsal before I go," said Harley. "You had better be in bed



ILLUSTRATED BY
RONALD MCLEOD

"I've just made up my mind that you aren't Gustave Termann at all, but John Harley," she told him

facing the wall as if you were asleep. I shall play the secretary who will bring my associates here this evening. I will try to wake you. Pretend a while not to respond to call or touch. Then begin the rage and temperamental display."

"How shall I know their names?" Termann asked as he put on the pajamas of thick lilac silk.

"I shall tell you how to recognize those you should know, as usual, while we are going through it," said Harley. "You seem to have a good memory for names."

"I have never forgotten any of my own," said Termann as he got into bed.

"What was your real name, by the way?" said Harley.

"Georgi Braun, and now Gustave Termann, at your service," said Termann, obediently rolling over to face the wall with his head buried in the pillow.

Harley slipped his hand under the pillow and took out the pistol. Holding it an inch from Termann's right ear, he shot him through the head.

Termann died without a sound, in a single long shudder.

HARLEY took a handkerchief from his pocket, wrapped a corner of it around the muzzle of the pistol, and held it that way while he wiped his fingerprints from the trigger and the butt. Still holding it by the wrapped muzzle, he closed Termann's fingers over the trigger and the butt while they were limp and warm. Then he put on Termann's clothes.

In Termann's pockets he found a German passport made out to Gustave Termann, bearing a photograph which might well have been Harley's. The Swiss visa was in proper order. He put on Termann's wrist watch and a pair of rimmed spectacles—and looked around in a final check-up of the thing he had planned to do. Then, taking forty-five thousand dollars with him, he walked boldly out, went on to Termann's hotel, gave up the room and took Termann's bag in a taxicab to the Gare de l'Est. On the way he opened it and found it held another suit, neckties, socks, linen, bathrobe, slippers, toilet articles.

As the train pulled out of Paris, Harley ordered an excellent dinner and a good bottle. He was not surprised to find no news of his death in the final editions of newspapers which the train picked up on the way. He expected his associates to have the sense to hold up their announcement until after the closing of the American markets, five hours later in time than Paris, so that the news would break when all were closed. They would find there was nothing to be done, however; and the crash which would follow the discovery of the body, and Harley's letters, could not fail to make his suicide completely reasonable.

Harley went tranquilly to sleep, expecting to read all about it in the morning newspapers in Switzerland. He was completely confident that his double would fill his role in Harley's last public appearance with even less risk of questioning than in any appearance before.

AS THE train approached Bern, the dining-car steward brought the Swiss morning newspapers, and John Harley read, as he anticipated, that he had been found dead in his Paris apartment late the previous evening.

All the stories were clear about the tragedy. Harley's associates and his secretary had entered his apartment by appointment only to find him dead in bed in his pajamas, with his hand still clutching a pistol. He had blown out his brains with a single shot, leaving a few brief notes conveying little but his decision to kill himself.

There was no mystery discernible in the situation—either in the conduct of the financial insiders or in the comment with which they attempted to calm the

(Continued on page 44)

Burge McCall

A Tale of the Town
By
Dariusz Kozminski

BURGE McCALL hated his wife. That made it 50-50 between them. They lived together most unpleasantly for three years and four months.

For a year and two months, Burge McCall didn't like the way his wife looked at him. It made him nervous.

His wife, Mrs. McCall, was a tall, thin woman with black hair and big black eyes. She always wore her hair parted in the middle, and smoothed down slick on each side. She never had much to say.

She was the kind of woman that other women always called Mrs.

They never used her first name. It was Venita. Her family lived in Peppersauce Bottoms, just south of the Santa Fe yards. Her father was a switchman.

Her sister, Anola, was married to Sled Sather, the druggist.

Burge McCall met Mrs. McCall at an Elks' picnic. Burge was a big Elk. He had been married twice before, but his other wives ran away from him and got divorces.

What they said about Burge was a caution. It interested everybody in town.

Burge McCall thought he was quite a lady killer.

He didn't know that most of the women in our town said they wouldn't touch him with a ten-foot pole.

They said Mrs. McCall married him to get away from the noise of the Santa Fe switch engines. Some said they didn't blame her, at that, although others thought Burge McCall would be much worse than a switch engine.

HE WAS a short, heavy-set man with a loud voice. He put grease on his hair and perfume on his handkerchief. He had a habit of sucking his teeth with his tongue, and making a peculiar sound.

Burge McCall was chief clerk of the District Court, and made a good salary, but he was very stingy with Mrs. McCall. He liked to spend all his money on himself, and on other women.

He undoubtedly was a bad husband. Some said he was the third worst husband in our town, but this was probably rating him too high.

Burge McCall never could understand his wife, Mrs. McCall.

When he called her names, she never answered. Burge McCall was accustomed to women who called him names right back when he called them names. Burge McCall said his second wife knew more names than he did.

But Mrs. McCall would only look at him.

That started him to hating her within two months after they were married.

Then one day, after they had been married two years and two months, Burge McCall slapped Mrs. McCall in the face. That is why for a year and two months Burge didn't like the way she looked at him.

She wiped the place where he slapped

her with her hand. She said, "McCall, you are a big rat. Some day you are going to regret what you have done."

Burge McCall was somewhat disappointed in her. His second wife threw a flatiron at him for slapping her. He had a notion to slap Mrs. McCall again for calling him a big rat, but he didn't like the way she looked at him.

ONE hot day Burge McCall dropped into Sled Sather's drugstore to have a drink, and Sled said, "Hello, Burge. Your old woman was in here this morning and bought a pound of rat poison."

Burge said, "What did she want with a pound of rat poison?"

And Sled said, "Well, she said she wanted to poison a big rat."

Sled said it must be an awful big rat for her to want that much poison.

Burge McCall thought nothing of this at first.

Then he got to thinking that there never had been any rats around his house. He got to thinking that, as a matter of fact, rats are rather unusual in our town. He got to thinking that Mrs. McCall had spoken of him as a big rat.

She said, "You are a big rat. Some day you are going to regret what you have done." He had a notion to slap her again, but he didn't like the way she looked at him

Burge McCall put two and two together. He went home very nervous.

He thought some of asking Mrs. McCall about the rat poison, but decided it would do no good. He figured she would only say she got it to poison a rat, and what of it, and Burge McCall would have no answer to that.

But he felt sure there were no rats around his house.

He did manage to bring up the subject of rats in an offhand way once or twice, but Mrs. McCall paid no attention to his remarks. She just looked at him.

Burge McCall sneaked all over the house when he thought Mrs. McCall wasn't noticing, looking for the rat poison. He never found it. He never found any rats either.

He began worrying terribly.

He went to see Doc Wilcox and asked him how arsenic tasted. Doc Wilcox said he didn't know. He said he had never tasted it. He said he would bet it tasted awful.

Burge McCall got so he wouldn't eat a smitch at home. He always had some excuse for taking his meals downtown, and this was a great break for Mrs. McCall, as it relieved her of a lot of work.

She hated cooking, anyway.

Burge McCall wouldn't even take a drink of water in the house, but would go to a neighbor's, half a block away, when he was thirsty. He quit liquor, because he figured it would never do for him to go home intoxicated. He wanted to be in full possession of all his faculties at all times.

THIS was another good break for Mrs. McCall, because when Burge McCall came home intoxicated, he was always very mean. He was even meaner intoxicated than when he was sober.

Finally Burge McCall decided that the safest thing for him to do was to keep Mrs. McCall in sight as much as possible. He got to taking her to the movies, and to Elks' picnics. He always spoke nicely to her, because he didn't want to irritate her.

The other women in our town began envying Mrs. McCall the attention she got from her husband, especially when he bought her a sealskin coat in the winter of 1933.

One day Burge McCall looked at Mrs. McCall and noticed she was not looking at him with the look that made him so nervous.

He noticed her eyes were smiling at him. He took her in his arms and called her Hon.

When Burge McCall died of apoplexy in 1935, his wife, Mrs. McCall, openly shed tears.

Sled Sather afterward said he never could understand why Mrs. McCall had once asked him to tell Burge McCall that she had bought a pound of rat poison to poison a big rat, when she never bought any at all.



Under Your Own Power

By Kyle Crichton

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS
Collier's Staff Photographer

Mr. Crichton speaks with the authority of personal experience. He himself succumbed to the idea, mounted and subdued a bicycle and got back alive. Now he is eager to have you try it. Don't forget your trouser clips

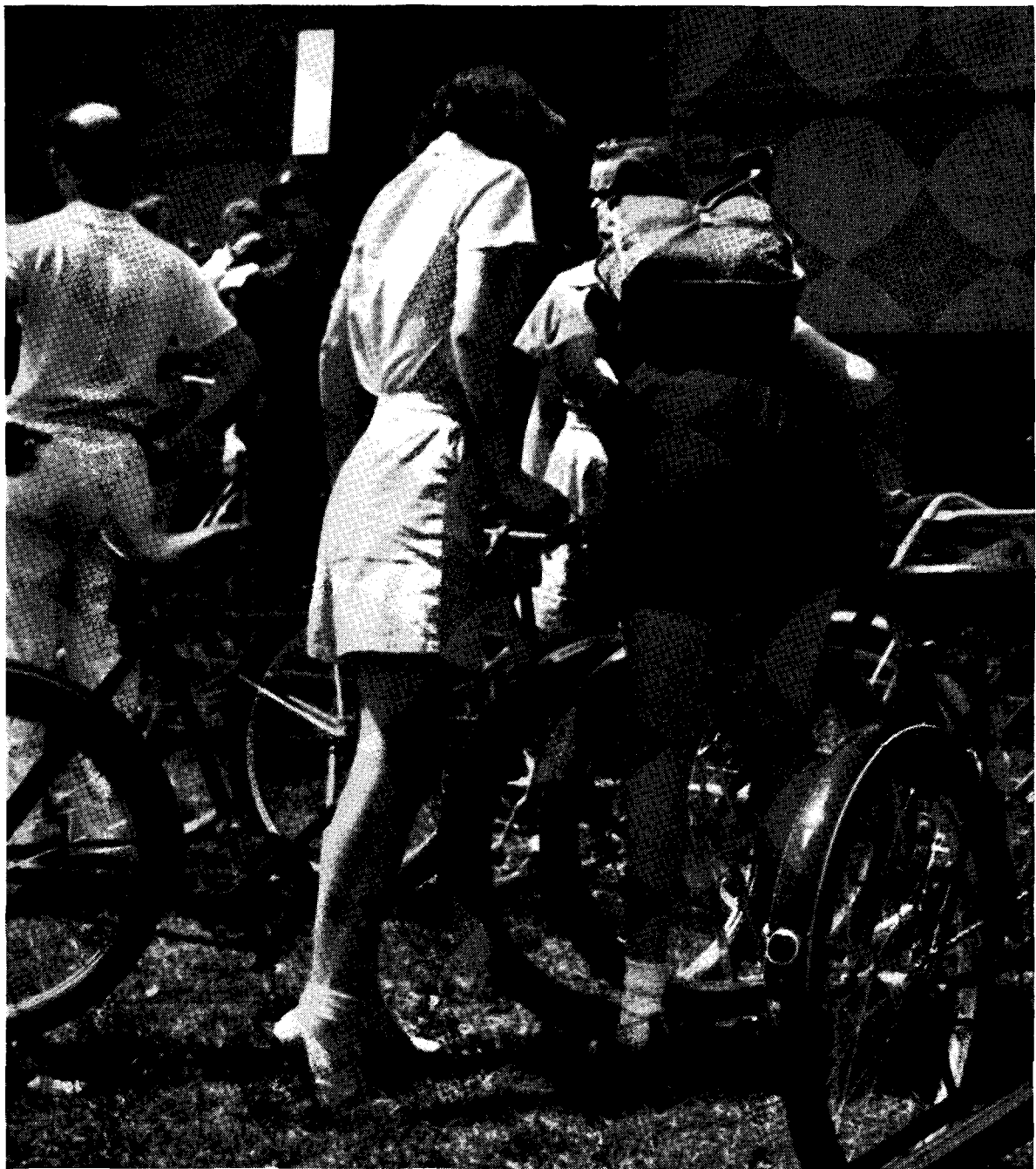
THE farmers of northern Connecticut laughed and then they were ashamed. There they sat on their comfortable piazzas or rode about in their limousines, softened up by civilization. On the road before them were the brave people from New York, suffering gallantly for sport, pedaling grimly along on the level stretches and doing an awful lot of pushing bikes up the hills. The hills became a matter of dispute.

"Now look at that," panted the lady from Gramercy Park, as she got off for the seventeenth time and started pushing the bicycle. "If that isn't a level stretch of road, I'll eat it; and still this thing won't go."

What the Connecticut burghers were seeing was the New York, New Haven and Hartford Bicycle Train, and what the New Yorkers were finding was that, despite Mr. Voliva of Zion City, the earth is not flat. Of course, New York did not discover cycling. I have examined the old books and find that it is not a new sport. I find that people were riding bicycles back in the days of the Spanish-American War, and that they even engaged in Century Runs, which was insane. A century run was one hundred miles, and I can state, after one experience in northern Connecticut, that anybody riding one hundred miles on a bicycle had very little to do and was probably sore after doing it.

The only reason I write about the Bicycle Train instead of cycling in Forest Park, St. Louis, is that I know of better things to do in St. Louis. The Bicycle Train grew out of the popularity of the Ski Trains and will probably be followed by an All-Sports Train, which will cater to horseback riders, fishermen and others who are bored on Sunday. It is a plain fact that people will fight against ennui, for the Bicycle Train required fortitude of a high order. It left Grand Central station in New York at 7:55 in the morning and got back around 10:30 at night. The trip I took was to Canaan, Connecticut, approximately three hours and a half from New York.

My concern with the Bicycle Train was not because I was a victim but because the venture was symptomatic of the renewed interest in the sport by matured individuals throughout the country. The



The girls do their share of the pedaling and most of the fancy dressing



Scrapes and bruises, and hasty first aid, are the common lot of beginners

New Haven Bicycle Train was suspended upon the coming of hot weather, but by that time people were buying bikes who had no intention of taking a train ride to use them. The excitement reached such a point that the advertising department of the New York store which had been pushing the idea had to forego the pleasure of a window display for its wares because the sporting department had sold out its stock—running into the hundreds—and were speaking to the manufacturers in a tone which approached love.

The scene in the station was something to see. The real bike riders had brought their own machines, leading them carefully through the Sunday morning excursion crowd and placing them like precious jewels in the baggage car. Out of a crowd of about two hundred, there were forty who brought their own bikes; the others rented wheels on the train, supplied by a blond, thin young man named Peckham, of whom more later. The train had three coaches—packed—a dining car and two baggage cars. Fare: \$2 round trip; rent of bike for the day, \$1.50.

"Lots of repeats this week," said the blond Peckham. The only obvious repeat was a lady with her ankle

bandaged up. She had been the supreme casualty of the preceding week and was back for more. I next saw her about five o'clock in the afternoon on her way back to the train. She had been falling off a bit less frequently on the second attempt but still was close to par. She seemed to be having trouble with the brake. Her method, upon approaching other cyclists, was simple. She merely yelled at the top of her voice: "GANGWAY!"

If they didn't get out of the way, she ran into them. Added to this was the confusion brought about by automobiles. The idea of going as far as Canaan was to get away from motor traffic, but the success of the first Bicycle Train made the whole of northern Connecticut and southern Massachusetts determined to see these queer folk from the city. The result was something like election night on Times Square. The fact that a car passing at ninety miles an hour bore on its back a huge red sign saying, "Look Out for Cyclists; Drive Cautiously," neither comforted the mass of cyclists nor took the mind of the falling-off lady from her real problem.

"Aren't you afraid of the cars?" somebody asked her.

(Continued on page 38)

A Girl Forewarned

By Matt Taylor

The story of a man who tried to reduce life to rules—and a girl who taught him that it's not so simple as it may seem

ILLUSTRATED BY
WALTER C. KLETT



"Decent of the sun to arrive at cocktail time," he said. She turned quickly

HE NOTICED her the first time because she was the only girl in the room without a cigarette in one hand and a cocktail glass in the other. The second time, because she was gazing out the tall window at the New York sky line as though she had never seen it before. Maybe she hadn't at that, he thought. She looked like someone new.

"Here's your arm, darling," he said to Lucille, unwinding hers from its clasp on his. "I see my good deed. A wall-flower in distress."

Lucille followed his glance, then looked up at him with amazing green-gray eyes and smiled. "You'll come back?" she said.

He patted her hand. "Don't I always?" he asked lightly.

He strolled across the room and came to rest beside the window, not too obviously. The sky line was nice enough if you hadn't been brought up on it. They were twenty stories high at the eastern border of Central Park.

"Decent of the sunset to arrive at cocktail time," he said.

She turned quickly and he saw her full face. She was younger than he had thought. Brown-eyed, satin-skinned, and lips not too scarlet. She was breaking the rules—extremes in make-up were the thing here. "It's gorgeous, isn't it?" she said, and he had to be content with the profile again.

HE WAITED, but she did not turn. She was passing him by as easily as that. If she was putting it on she was clever; if she was being herself she was too rare to miss. "It may be gorgeous," he conceded. "But you shouldn't look at it—not like that."

"Is there a law against it?"

"It's an old tradition. New Yorkers don't look at New York that way. Only outlanders."

"Which is what I am," she said. "Do you mind?"

It was an exit cue, and, therefore, reason enough for him to stay. "I don't look at the sky line," he persisted. "I look at you."

"Proving you're a New Yorker?"

"You ask for proof?" he said reprovingly. "Don't you know me?"

It served its purpose; she turned full around. "Are you important?" she asked.

"I was born important. We're all important, for that matter, or we wouldn't be here. This party's being given by a Name, for Names."

"I'm here," she said, smiling a little, "and I'm nobody. Who are you?"

"You get worse and worse. I'm Benjamin Sutton."

"Benjamin Sutton is a store," she answered quickly. "That's one thing I do know. It's one of New York's smarter shopping centers founded in 1870 by—"

"By Benjamin the First," he broke in. "I'm the Third. It's very annoying, this being confused with the store. Also a little insulting. The store is aged and venerable. The store stays at 38th Street and I get around. The store—" She was smiling now, with her eyes as well as her lips, and he tried again. "Did you crash this party?" he said.

She laughed pleasantly. "With Lester Blair, the writer," she nodded. "He's

one of our home-town boys and I had a letter. The last time he saw me back home I had braids and a bad habit of blushing." She gave another swift glance at New York blotting out a perfectly nice sunset. "Some day I won't have to crash in. I'll have a name of my own."

He stepped back and looked at her, and lit a cigarette and looked at her some more. It explained everything—the wistful, wishing light in her eyes; the Promised Land ecstasy in her voice. There it all was stretched out at her feet. She was seeing herself lolling on one of those penthouse terraces across the Park and riding in one of those long shiny cars on 59th.

SUTTON frowned. He resented her now, without knowing why. Perhaps it was because of her calm assurance. She didn't know what she was in for. Or perhaps it was because all she had come to fight for had been laid in his lap and he hadn't done much with it. "I was afraid of this," he said curtly. "So you're in on the scramble?"

She widened her eyes at his sudden annoyance. "Will it be a scramble?" she said quietly. "I hope not. I know what I can do, and I hope to get a chance to do it."

"What's your line?"

But what he felt showed through too plainly. "Advertising," she said, and let it go at that.

Sutton shrugged. "I might have known. There can't be more than thousands of you. Nine out of ten won't get anywhere."

"I'll be the lucky tenth," she said. Her eyes narrowed. "Do you mind my being confident? Or am I too naïve to take?"

He walked behind her and found an ash tray and came back. "Maybe you're right," he said. "You'll get along. You're attractive enough. The helping hands will be out all along the way."

Color touched her cheeks. "I'm still naïve. Did you ever hear of honest effort? Plus, of course, a fair amount of luck?"

"I've heard of it," he told her, "but not in places like this. Girls like you come to parties like this to meet people who can help them."

"And if we do," she put in angrily, "is there any harm?"

"Not particularly. The harm comes later."

The color mounted higher; her adolescent habit of blushing was still with her. "So I'm to distrust whoever helps me?"

"If it's a man," he answered. "And it'll be a man."

She gave up then. "I'll remember," she said as she turned away. "Thanks for the tip."

HE WATCHED someone take her in hand. She became one of a group and someone else gave her a drink. He walked swiftly to where Lucille was waiting. "The good deed was a dud," he said to her. "You're the only type I like, darling. Can't we get out of here?"

He stood off by himself while Lucille went for her things. He saw Lester Blair coming toward him to ask questions, but there was no way he could escape. "You were talking to my girl," Blair said. "Does she register?"

"It's a matter of taste," Sutton said coolly. "Personally—"

Blair smiled. "No. She wouldn't, with you. I'm beginning to like her myself," he added musingly. "Maybe it's loyalty to the old home town, and maybe it's the girl. But I don't mind competition. If you should want to see her again—"

"I don't believe I do," Sutton said.

The other man laughed. "You may anyway," he said. "She's working behind a perfume counter in your store."

The taxi moved with brief spurts of speed through the traffic and Sutton

They breasted the sidewalk traffic, fought for a taxi and settled back in silence

gazed out at the congested side street and the heterogeneous mob. The bird's-eye view was better, he thought. The glamor began at the twentieth floor, when you saw the city in pastel shades; saw the spires in a haze of glory. He wondered how ambition could survive on the solid and sordid earth when you looked around you. The ecstasy, on street level, must be hard to hold.

He smiled faintly. "Fame and fortune via the shopgirl route," he thought. "She must want it badly." He himself had never wanted anything that way. It had all been handed to him almost before he realized he wanted it. A vague feeling of annoyance took hold of him and he turned for comfort to Lucille, who sat beside him, thinking her own thoughts. His hand touched hers and she turned to him with an automatic smile. His annoyance vanished then, as it always did when Lucille smiled at him.

The cab moved into Beekman Place and drew up at a canopied entrance. "Come in a minute," Lucille said. "I want to talk."

"You've a dinner engagement."

"With Howard Casman," she nodded. "He's here from Hollywood. But come up while I dress."

HE FOLLOWED her into the apartment living-room he knew so well—the exotic, obviously intentioned room, modernistic and white. He smoked and waited expectantly. He knew Lucille—she would make an entrance worth waiting for. He heard her coming and stood up.

It was even better than usual. Cream-colored velvet wrapped her like a sheath. Nothing relieved it but the great emerald that glowed, like green fire, in the brooch at her breast. That and her eyes, which matched the emerald; her mouth, scarlet against whiteness; her hair, smooth wings of blackness.

"Casman," he said, his eyes resting upon her, "hasn't a chance. He'll probably offer you a screen contract."

She said, "He already has, Ben." And then he guessed what they were to talk about.

"I'm leaving for the coast in a few days," she went on. "Someone was taken ill and the part must be filled in a hurry. Casman begged me. It'll kill the season for me here on Broadway, but what of it? Rupert has no play ready for me. It's the sensible thing to do."

He smoked a moment in silence. "Nothing's sensible that takes you away from me," he said quietly. "When do we leave?"

Her laugh was low and casual. "Ben, dear! After all, you have your work at the store."

"Work? I have my office, you mean." His hand held her arm insistently until her eyes lifted to meet his. "Why Casman?" he demanded. "You've had other screen offers. Better offers."

"Howard is an old friend. He was stage manager of a show I was in. It was before I knew you. This is the first picture he's directing under his new contract and it's important to him."

Sutton frowned. "Is it Casman or is it the part?"

She smiled, her scarlet lips pouting a protest against the rising anger in his eyes. "It's both, Ben," she said. "Please don't be tragic about it. You knew I had my career. This had to happen sometime. We might have prolonged it a while—but why bother?"

He shrugged. "I happen to love you, that's all. But if it's a bother—" His eyes were drawn back to her eagerly. "I'll see you when you come back?"



"I don't know when I'll be back," she said. "I'm marrying Howard Casman."

Sutton drank a lot that evening. He sought out a second-rate hotel where he'd meet no one he knew, found a stool at the bar, and started in. He smiled bitterly as he drank. He had been wondering, a few hours back, what it meant to want something beyond your reach. Now he was learning, sooner than he liked. That came of tempting your luck, instead of taking it and no questions asked.

He looked sullenly at the men around him. They all wanted something or other. Well, Benjamin Sutton had joined up with the masses. But he couldn't hope for what he wanted, like these men, like Blair's little friend, laying siege to New York from behind her perfume-counter barricade. Lucille was gone. He wondered how much it was going to hurt. Preventive measures seemed in order, and he grinned at the white jacket behind the bar. Another drink appeared.

(Continued on page 29)



Miner Prophet

The title bout of the year is between John Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers of America, and William Green, head of the A. F. of L. Incorporated in them you see two warring principles of labor organization—the industrial union vs. the craft union. Mr. Creel shows how the economic development of this country will hinge upon the decision in this fight

I L L U S T R A T E D B Y A N I T A P A R K H U R S T

By George Creel

COLLIER'S WASHINGTON STAFF WRITER

FEW more dramatic scenes were ever staged than the recent test of power between William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, and John Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers of America. Green, even as Lewis, was a coal miner in his youth, and the two put their picks aside at about the same time to work and fight for the unionization of their industry. Now Green, overlord of all organized labor, came before the annual convention of his former fellows to ask that they disavow his former friend, their president.

The situation held no element of surprise. As the head of a great union that

included all those employed in and around mines, regardless of skill or calling, Lewis had long stood unqualifiedly for this method of organization in the mass production industries. Instead of ten, twenty and thirty craft unions in a steel, cement, glass or rubber plant, for example, only *one inclusive union* for each plant. Joining his Mine Workers with eight other powerful national and international unions, he boldly defied the A. F. of L. and its historic craft policy by forming the Committee for Industrial Organization.

Acting under orders from his Executive Council, Green had sternly ordered him to discontinue these activities, and

Lewis' answer was a curt note resigning his office as a vice president of the Federation. The Mine Workers backed his stand to a man, affirming their faith in industrial unionism as the hope of the labor movement, and authorizing withdrawal from the A. F. of L. if and when circumstances made the step desirable.

It was to soften this angry, menacing attitude that William Green appeared before the miners' convention and, in a voice that broke repeatedly under the strain of deep feeling, pleaded for unity and cited the dangers of division and discord. Portraying the Federation as the parent and component unions as the children, he begged the miners to main-

tain the family relation, painting a direful picture of the disaster that would otherwise ensue. Somewhat ecclesiastical in dress, and with a marked pulpit manner, his oration was almost religious in its emotional appeal, but it fell on closed ears.

Lewis sat throughout as if carved of bronze, his leonine head thrust forward, his eyes hard and unwinking. At the end he rose and, with a precise courtesy that only accented his implacability, put the Green propositions before the assemblage one by one, asking if any delegate had been persuaded to change his attitude. With a series of shouts that shook the building, the delegates rejected William Green and approved John Lewis. His face as menacing as a clenched fist, but in the same level, passionless tone, the president of the Mine Workers turned to the president of the American Federation of Labor and said, "Sir, you have your answer."

Labor Stands at the Crossroads

Let no one doubt that it is a fight to the death, and while a strictly private fight, perhaps, in the sense that Green and Lewis want no others in the ring, out of their struggle may well flow consequences that will affect the political, industrial and economic life of the entire country both immediately and importantly. If Green wins, craft unionism will continue as the dominant policy of the A. F. of L., while victory for Lewis means that the labor movement will be swung into an aggressive campaign for the industrial organization of mass production industries. A fight, in plain, to unionize the forty million unorganized workers of the country.

Already John Lewis has begun the grim business of burning his bridges. Abandoning labor's established policy of nonpartisanship, he has declared himself and his order for the re-election of Franklin D. Roosevelt, pledging the votes of 500,000 miners and also campaign funds from their war chest. Throughout the length and breadth of the land, wherever coal is mined, he has sent the burning arrow, calling on every man to constitute himself a Democratic campaign committee of one.

Not stopping with this, he has gone farther and formed Labor's Non-Partisan League in association with Sidney Hillman, president of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, and George L. Berry, president of the Printing Pressmen's Union. Generally in presidential campaigns, the A. F. of L. has scrupulously



David Dubinsky

John Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers of America, favors the industrial union

refrained from party indorsements, concentrating on the inclusion of desired labor planks in both Democratic and Republican platforms. President Green, as a matter of fact, was already deep in the business of selecting this committee, and preparing a plan of action along the usual lines, when the Lewis-Hillman-Berry combination exploded its bomb-shell. Not only is Labor's Non-Partisan League an invasion of a field that the A. F. of L. regards as its own, but by announcing the re-election of Roosevelt as a principal objective, the League defies the Federation's ancient policy.

All in all, John Lewis would seem to be taking a gamble of magnitude, but William Green, if he holds fast to the traditional attitude of organized labor, refusing to give either party a blanket indorsement, is likewise taking a gambler's chance. If Roosevelt is re-elected, he and the Federation will have played no outstanding part in the victory, and cannot, therefore, expect any large amount of consideration when labor appointments are being made and labor policies decided.

A Million Votes in the Bag

Lewis, to be sure, does not regard it as a gamble. He counts on the Solid South and the Agricultural West for Democratic majorities, and is no less confident that his miners, who in Pennsylvania and Illinois especially have been Socialists, will turn the balance in Roosevelt's favor in battleground states such as Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Ohio, Illinois, Iowa and Colorado. Moreover, associated with him in the Committee for Industrial Organization are the following great bodies of organized labor: the International Typographical Union, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union, the United Textile Workers, the Oil Field, Gas Well and Refinery Workers, the International Union of Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers, the Federation of Flat Glass Workers, and important departments of the United Hatters, Cap and Millinery Workers International Union.

Hillman and his 200,000 Amalgamated Clothing Workers, who hitherto have been counted Socialists, have already taken the field for Roosevelt, and while David Dubinsky and his 200,000 members of International Ladies' Garment Workers Union have not yet joined Labor's Non-Partisan League, Dubinsky himself has quit the Socialist party and is out openly for Roosevelt. Lewis ex-



Sidney Hillman

pects these bodies to contribute materially to Democratic success in Massachusetts and New York, both pivotal states. The other six unions have taken no such action as yet, but it is not open to doubt that powerful pressure will be applied to have them swing into line. One million votes is the estimated political strength of the group as a whole.

There were, however, two fateful moments when John Lewis' strategic position seemed seriously threatened. Appearing before the convention of the Women's Trade Union League in early May, William Green, albeit guardedly, declared for the re-election of Roosevelt. Hailed by the press as an expression of Federation policy, it had all the look of a bold step by which Green meant to put himself on a parity with Lewis in event of Democratic victory. Not so, for even while the declaration still echoed, the president of the A. F. of L. took pains to make it clear that he spoke only for himself, and that the traditional attitude of his organization remained unchanged. On the heels of this explanation, the state federations of labor of Pennsylvania, Tennessee, Kentucky, Georgia, Florida, Alabama and Maryland voted in favor of Labor's Non-Partisan League, and the Virginia body enthusiastically endorsed Roosevelt.

Green's other moment was when a Supreme Court majority junked the Guffey law. Straightway organized labor the country over roared a passion of protest that political observers accepted at

once as a full-throated affirmation of the Roosevelt position. Leaping forward, John Lewis rode the storm of clamor with these bitter words: "It is a sad commentary on our form of government when every decision of the Supreme Court seems designed to fatten capital and starve and destroy labor."

A Widening Rift

William Green, on the other hand, contented himself with the statement that the decision was "very disappointing," and emphasized "the growing need of organization among the workers" for the development of "economic strength." The month of May, therefore, left the situation as it was in February—Lewis and his industrial unionists the outstanding labor champions of Roosevelt, and Green and his Federation on the sidelines.

June witnessed a further accentuation of bitter differences. The Federation's ultimatum, ordering the Committee on Industrial Organization to dissolve under penalty of expulsion, expired June 3, Lewis contemptuously ignoring it. On June 4, one day later, the Amalgamated Iron, Steel and Tin Workers voted to organize industrially under the leadership of Lewis, rejecting and defying the A. F. of L. demand that the unionization of the steel industry proceed along craft lines.

In event of Democratic victory, what then? What will John Lewis win and what will William Green lose? And

what of the effect on the industrial situation as a whole? The answers to these questions are plainly indicated by Franklin D. Roosevelt's open attitudes and past policies. From his very first hour in the White House, the President has made no attempt to conceal his conviction that collective bargaining is the one solution of the industrial problem. Through Section 7-a of the National Recovery Act, the Wagner-Connery Act and the Guffey Bill, he has frankly striven to promote the unionization of the workers of the country, and to outlaw the "company union."

Even so, the United States remains predominantly non-union. Labor leaders to the contrary, trade unionism is a distinctly minority movement. Out of some forty million organizable wage earners in the nation's industries and services, the total membership of the American Federation of Labor and its affiliated bodies is about four millions. As a consequence, the President's dream of collective bargaining has butted up against a good many stone walls, and bids fair to come to a complete halt unless obstacles are removed.

It is the contention of John Lewis—and a principal reason for his present activities—that this admittedly miserable showing proceeds largely from the refusal of the American Federation of Labor to recognize the obvious fact that mass production industries cannot be organized successfully on a craft union basis. There can be only confusion when

(Continued on page 43)



The Story Thus Far:

TWENTY-ONE-YEAR-OLD Celia Landis' experience as a trained nurse in New York City ends with her second patient, the wealthy Mrs. Carleton Daklin, when Mrs. Daklin's husband falls in love with her.

Her position in the Daklin household an impossible one, she gives up the job. Whereupon, Daklin, who is at the head of a powerful advertising agency, persuades her to become a professional model. And soon her face is known all over America.

Deeply indebted to Daklin, she is forced to see much of him. She does not love him. But the gossips do not spare her; and presently even young Dr. Anthony Starr, who is eager to marry her, begins to wonder.

Two musicians—René LeMarr and Pietro Gallo, close friends—give an impromptu concert one evening, in LeMarr's apartment. Their audience numbers two: Celia and a giddy debutante, Jane Leeds. Gallo, a married man, is interested rather more than he should be in Jane. Misinterpreting a casual remark she makes to LeMarr, he assumes that she is in love with his friend. And he promptly stabs LeMarr!

The police arrive, send the wounded man to a hospital, and arrest Gallo. Unfortunately, Alita Brett, a much-married woman who is laboring under the delusion that the dashing Pat Braddock, whom she hopes to marry, is in love with Celia, learns the whole story and gives it to a reporter.

As the newspaper version of the episode is being written, Celia receives a letter in which she is informed that St. Martha's Hospital, where she trained, wishes her to take the post of chief nurse in its operating room. Next day, she reports at the hospital, prepared to accept the offer. The hospital authorities greet her coldly, inform her that the offer has been withdrawn. It is then that Celia learns what a sensational news-sheet can do to a girl's reputation.... That evening, she and Daklin dine together. Daklin escorts her to her apartment. As they approach the door, a woman leaps at them. "I," she screams, "am the wife of Pietro Gallo!" A gun is in her hands. She fires.

VIII

IT WAS Daklin, aware always, alert no matter what under his appearance of languor, who interfered with this rendezvous with death. Quick as light his arm had gone out to thrust Celia aside as the shot rang out. "Oh!" Celia cried out on a sharp, high note.

But no one fell. The world did not come to an end. Nothing, it seemed, had happened. Their door opened and Betty stood, shaking, clutching her negligee around her. "What is it?" she was saying, looking at them all, and swaying. "What's wrong?"

Daklin said, "Gallo's wife. Fainting,

I think. Help her inside, and be quick. We don't want any more racket around here."

Celia paid no attention to the other two. She was demanding of Daklin, "Are you hurt?" Stammering a little because it did not seem possible that the bullet had missed him.

"I'm all right. Look out for that lunatic." He stooped, a little painfully, and picked up the gun which had slid from the Gallo woman's hand.

It was all so casual. The situation seemed scarcely as real as one of those nightmares from which one awakens cold with horror. No one else, apparently,

had heard the shot, for no one appeared. Celia stared at the automatic a second, then turned to the Gallo woman as she started to fall. "Put her on the couch," she said to Betty, and together they half-carried, half-dragged her into the room.

"I have aromatic spirits," Celia began, starting for the bathroom, paying no attention to Betty, who was crying half hysterically. "Have you all gone crazy? What is this all about? How did she get here and how could she have a gun with her? People don't carry them about!"

Daklin had shut the door behind him and was leaning against it. He had slipped the automatic into his pocket and

was standing very quietly looking down at the cuff of his left sleeve which was turning red with blood.

"Mr. Daklin!" Betty cried.

Celia stopped sharply, staring at his sleeve.

"You're shot!" For a second she seemed to have only a very vague idea of what she was doing. She stood horrified, looking at that cuff. Betty, on her knees beside the couch, gave a little moan. That moan brought Celia to. She was at Daklin's side, all nurse now, and a good surgical one at that, months of accident-room training behind her.

"Hold your arm up," she was saying sharply, "and come into the bedroom." She was in there before him, turning back the covers, fetching towels. He looked a little white as he followed her in, but his nonchalance was undimmed.

"Celia!" Betty was moaning, "Oh . . . oh!"

CELIA, removing Daklin's coat, cutting open his shirt sleeve, called to her savagely, "Betty! Don't you start. Come in here; we need you." She was imperious and cool and she dominated Betty, who now appeared, shuddering.

"It's probably only a flesh wound," Celia said, bending over Daklin, not sure yet that it was, but reassuring her present patient as well as Betty, who looked as if she might rapidly become one.

"Be of good cheer, Betty," Daklin commanded her. "After all, I'm a Harvard man. I wouldn't get myself seriously shot outside a lady's boudoir."

Celia's glance flickered to his face. "Kallock?" she asked. He nodded. "Call him, Betty. Tell him it's urgent—Mr. Daklin. Shot in the arm."

"And tell him," said Daklin, "it is confidential." He was examining his own arm and he now looked up at Celia. "Only a scratch," he said. He had been in the war and he knew a real wound when he saw one. Celia nodded. It wasn't a scratch but neither was it dangerous. She laid a piece of gauze over the arm and a towel over that, and sank on the bed and waited, feeling ill.

He said, "Too bad, Celia. But this at least will be kept in the family."

"We might manage to call just a few reporters," she said. She tried to smile back at him.

Betty said despairingly, holding the

Daklin looked up at Celia. "Only a scratch," he said

The Prodigal Nurse

By Teresa Hyde Phillips

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

receiver, "Dr. Kallock is out of town for the week end and his assistant is doing an emergency operation somewhere—" Her voice trailed off. "They want to know if they can send someone else."

Daklin shook his head at her. "No, thank you," said Betty, and hung up. Somehow they had paid no attention to her conversation, and now Daklin asked urgently, "You didn't tell them what it was?" Betty said, "No. Just asked for Dr. Kallock."

For a moment no one spoke or made any sound.

"Do you know anyone who won't talk?" Daklin asked Celia. Celia stared at him. After a few seconds she raised her head and met Betty's eyes. They were level and eloquent.

"All right," Celia said bleakly, "call Dr. Starr." She gave her the number.

Again they waited. "He'll be over at once," said Betty, wheeling from the telephone. She did not look at Celia. And Daklin said nothing. His eyes were sardonic.

Betty said afterward that one of the odd things about the whole wretched business was how they had forgotten the Gallo woman's very existence. Now they heard her sobbing in the other room.

"She'll be raising merry Hades in another minute," said Daklin savagely. "Go out and muzzle her, Betty."

CELIA rose and got out antiseptics and started water boiling on the stove. She had gone back to Daklin and was sitting beside him when Starr came in.

His swift glance swept over Celia and he nodded, then went quickly to the bed.

"Hello, Starr," Daklin said. "Sorry to trouble you."

"Daklin." He regarded the covered arm. "What's up?"

Celia had risen and had opened his bag. She said, "Mr. Daklin has been shot in the arm. If you want to scrub up, I have left antiseptics and a brush in the bathroom."

Betty came in. "Mrs. Gallo's scared to death, and I'm darned glad of it. I didn't try to cheer her up any." She said, "Is there anything I can do?"

"See if Dr. Starr has everything he wants," Celia said briefly. She was laying out Starr's sterile packages of instruments on a towel spread on the bedside table.

Starr came back and Betty waited, unable to look at what was going on, yet unable to go away. She had closed the door into the living-room, murmuring viciously to herself, "Let that creature stew in her own juice a while!"

Starr was examining the arm. As always he looked calm and sane and was giving out nothing. He seemed to take possession of his surroundings, quiet and courteous and unworried. One understood why the ward patients wanted only him, why he inspired in them confidence and devotion. He was so easy in this highly charged moment, so natural in a time which was above everything else unnatural. He made it seem as if being shot were the normal, the everyday thing.

Celia held her head high, standing across the bed from him. She was admiring him and hating him at the same time. Furious to think that she had been put in this humiliating position, and grateful because he had come without question and, having come, was asking no question now. She saw, with a little contraction of her heart, that he looked incredibly tired. "He's killing himself in that laboratory," she thought.

After a moment he straightened. "It is entirely superficial," he said to Daklin, ignoring Celia. "You were lucky. I can get the bullet out now," he said, "or do you prefer a hospital?"

"I much prefer not to go to a hospital. That was the whole idea in calling you." He wanted not to explain to Starr but it

was Starr's due. "We've got to keep this under our hats," he said. "The Gallos have been putting on a new act, you see. It was his wife who winged me."

Starr said, "Removing this bullet won't be a picnic. I can give you a whiff of chloroform."

"No chloroform, thanks. Shoot."

Starr's hands were busy among his instruments. "A bit far-fetched, wasn't it," he said equably, "picking on you?"

Celia said in a low voice, "She didn't mean to shoot Mr. Daklin." She stood waiting with the sponges. "She—she was looking for me."

Starr's fingers contracted on a probe. For a minute he did not move. Then he raised his hand and, looking down, met Daklin's glance. Their eyes held.

"I got in the way by mistake," Daklin said dryly.

"The Gallos seem to mess up their

killings," remarked Starr after a moment. "Sorry, Daklin, this is going to hurt."

Outside on the river a tug whistle blew. In the street a newsboy called an extra, and rain pattered thinly on the flagging of the terrace. Skillfully and swiftly Starr worked.

"There's the bullet," he said after a time. Daklin's hands were clenched; his brow was wet. He said nothing. Celia waited with the corrosive in one hand, alcohol in the other. "This will be bad," said Starr, "but it will last only a second."

THEN it was done. The merciful alcohol flowed over the flesh and Celia applied the dressing. Starr went to his bag and brought out a flask of brandy, poured a drink into the screw cap and handed it to the other man. It was no overture of friendliness but a purely professional gesture and no bones about it. Daklin drank it with that understanding.

After a moment he said wearily, one man to another: "That woman out there. Better see her, Starr, if you will. As good a time as any to let her know that I took Celia to Pietro's and that Celia had never before been there."

Starr, you could see, was recalling the story as printed. It had said that Celia was alone with the two men when the ambulance arrived. He watched Daklin, his eyes contemptuous.

"Don't be an ass," Daklin said. "Naturally I was not there." He closed his eyes. "If you'd like full statistics, one of our leading debs was present and caused the commotion. She faded from the picture, leaving Celia to face the music."

"I see. Shall I tell the Gallos the girl's name and let her decisive nature do the rest? I'd just as soon—"

"I agree," said Daklin. "But it might be a bit drastic."

"I'll attend to her." Starr turned toward the door. "What's the story?"

"A private quarrel over their work."

Starr nodded. But when he entered the living-room it was vacant. He looked around, opened the corridor door and the corridor yawned brightly lit and empty. He searched the terrace which lay innocent of intruders under the dripping sky.

"She's gone," he announced grimly, returning.

"Women in this building," commented Daklin in a flat voice, "seem to develop a talent for vanishing without trace." He ran his hand across his eyes. "Starr," he said, "I put the gun in my pocket but when I removed my coat I laid it on the bookshelf out there. How about it?"

SOMEHOW they all knew that the gun would be gone. Betty and Starr could not find it. And they all knew that Mrs. Gallo loose in New York with a loaded gun was bad news.

"Well—" said Daklin wearily. He started to rise. "Mrs. Gallo must be found."

Starr looked at him. The man was in no condition for further adventure. He pushed his new patient back on the bed. "Easy," he said. "You can't do anything just now, Daklin." His eyes narrowed slightly and he hated Daklin told himself that he would hate him anyway but that was his heart told him that he hated because of Celia. He from there. He w do with Daklin messes their frowned all won. ently she she was s. rated some a cheap affa Nevertheless, t. he could not le.

(Continue



"Still a gentleman, Charlie." She laughed. "The Daklin curse"

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"I've come to your terms one by one, Frank," she said. "I've lost every quarrel we've ever had"



ILLUSTRATED BY
DONALD TEAGUE

Trouble Shooter

By Ernest Haycox

The Story Thus Far:

LAYING track west, the Union Pacific Railroad is striving frantically to beat its rival—the Central Pacific, laying track east from San Francisco—to the junction point in Utah. At its railheads, the Union Pacific is having trouble with a horde of ruffians, gamblers and labor agitators. Frank Peace, a young man who is known for his fearlessness, is given the job of handling them.

From the start, Peace has trouble with "Big Sid" Campeaux, a gambler whose resorts are filled with undesirables. As the road moves ahead, Campeaux moves with it; and wherever he goes he is accompanied by a lovely girl of mystery, whose name, Peace presently learns, is Nan Normandy. Engaged to Eileen Oliver, whose father likewise follows the rails, Peace finds himself strangely attracted by Nan. Encountering her again and again—Campeaux puts her in charge of a restaurant wherever he establishes his headquarters—he wonders who she is and why she, a girl of obvious breeding, has put herself in such a dubious position.

In Laramie, Peace has a narrow escape—Mitch Dollarhide, Campeaux's right-hand man, lures him to a disreputable house and, after murdering Ed Tarrant, one of Peace's friends, almost succeeds in killing Peace. The plot miscarries, however, and Peace finally kills Dollarhide. Following the tragic episode, some of Peace's men, acting under his orders, destroy the place and it is obvious that trouble with the gamblers and hangers-on must ensue.

Alone with Nan Normandy for a few minutes, Peace asks her why she has come west. She informs him that her home is in St. Louis; that her father disappeared some years before, and that she is trying to find him. She refuses to discuss Campeaux.

The road moves on. Benton, 698 miles from Omaha, is reached. Eileen Oliver's father opens a store there. And there Peace calls on Eileen, whom he finds with Ben Latimer. The three chat for a moment or two. Latimer leaves. As he does so, Peace turns to the girl. "When a man's thirsty," he says, "the first drink is the sweetest"—and prepares to take her in his arms.

IV

SHE came toward him, which surprised him. She came straight across the room until her hands touched his coat. There was a rose stain on her cheeks; excitement brightened her eyes. She reached up and kissed him, and stepped back; and then her eyes couldn't meet his face. It was a modesty that was in her. But it drew a long, cheerful laugh from him. It swung him into his high and reckless mood and he stepped forward and pulled her to him and had his own kiss, in his own way. It was, he knew, a mistake, for there was a small and protesting sound in her throat and when he let her he saw fear on her face—and that at blaze of anger again.

He said: "Well, you're learning."

Lips moved faintly; her breasts heaving with the strength of her "Yes," she whispered, "but be true to me, Frank."

Nothing to ask. I'm not Ben

Coming in a way that relaxed

the pride and the strict order of her features. There was a woman's softness about her then. "No, you're not Ben Latimer. How long will you be in Benton?"

"Going out in the morning."

She said, "Frank," and looked up at him carefully. The smile was gone, its place taken by a sudden shadowed glance. He had one fugitive memory then of a glance like that, of Bardee Oliver looking so shrewdly across the counter. Her voice was hurried along by a swift impatience. "How long must I always be waiting for you?"

He said: "There's a minister somewhere around this town."

"No." She turned away and walked the length of the room. "Whatever happened to that job you were offered with the railroad in Boston?"

"Still open, I guess."

"You'd better get out of here," said Moylan. "I'm leavin' tonight."

"What'll I tell Reed?" asked Peace



She said: "Take it! Take it and let's get out of this country. I hate all this—I hate the way I live—and the way you live!"

There had been a pleasantness in the room. It went away and left him braced against this girl's will.

He said, very carefully: "Eileen, there never is a day I don't think of you. There's never a time when I'm traveling away from you I don't regret it and never a time when I'm coming back that I don't want the train to run faster. No man ever had a stronger picture of a woman in his head than I have of you. It makes everything possible. I'm a poor hand at speaking the words you ought to hear. I don't remember ever actually saying that I loved you. I do. It's the thing that keeps me going."

SHE said: "Get your minister if you want. We'll be out of here by morning."

"No," said Peace. "I don't leave this job."

Her face was still and tight. "How much do I have to give up to you? Some things I can give up. But I'm not the woman to follow you around from one shantytown to another the next forty years."

He thought of Ben Latimer's dry, nasal drawl. He imitated it now: "Don't wish to be intrudin'."

She came across the room swiftly and

caught his arm. "Where are you going?"

He said, in sultry humor. "Don't know."

"A cup of coffee, perhaps."

He said: "Been hearing things?"

Her color was at once deep. It made her lovely. It heightened the bright anger of her eyes. But she held the anger back. "Perhaps she doesn't quarrel with you, as I do. I'm told she is pretty."

"Better than that," he drawled. "Striking."

"Go get your coffee then," she said, quite without tone.

He stared down at her, troubled and irritated. He was like a man handcuffed, unable to reach out for what lay so close by. Wanting it and not able to reach it. "Eileen," he said, "I don't know you. I think I never will. We can't get to any bargain. You don't like my life. I can't go back to an office in the East. Maybe we'd be happy that way—for a few months. But I'd soon enough regret it, and make you miserable."

She said again, near to crying: "How much do I have to surrender?"

"I don't know," he said. "I don't know."

He knew there was no more ease in the room for him. All the old ghosts of their past quarreling lay here to punish him, to make him feel his loss. He said, "So, I guess that's all for one night."

Her hands took hold of his lapels. She clung to him, her head bowed against his

chest. "I've come to your terms one by one, Frank. I have! I've lost every quarrel we've ever had. I've changed myself almost over—for you. Only, this one thing I can't do. I can't follow you around this miserable country the rest of my life."

He took her arms and put them aside. He said, "I think we've had enough for one time," and went out of the room, searching his pockets for his pipe. In the street he stopped, the empty pipe bitten hard between his teeth. He stood with his feet on the edge of the boards, all the sound of wicked Benton boiling about him and yet not touching him.

A rider came past him and a voice was speaking. It was the voice that brought him sharply from his gloomy thoughts. Through the shadows he made out Al Brett's slim, sardonic face. Behind Brett were two other men belonging to Campeaux. They passed into the heavy swirl of Main Street, vanishing to the west. Peace marched down until he commanded a view of that street. Brett and Brett's men were galloping out of Benton at a long canter, riding westward on the empty grade.

ESCORTED by Lieutenant Archie Milard and five troopers, Peace headed west for the Bitter Creek region early the following morning. As usual, Overmle and Phil Morgan went along; and with them, too, on this trip was the com-

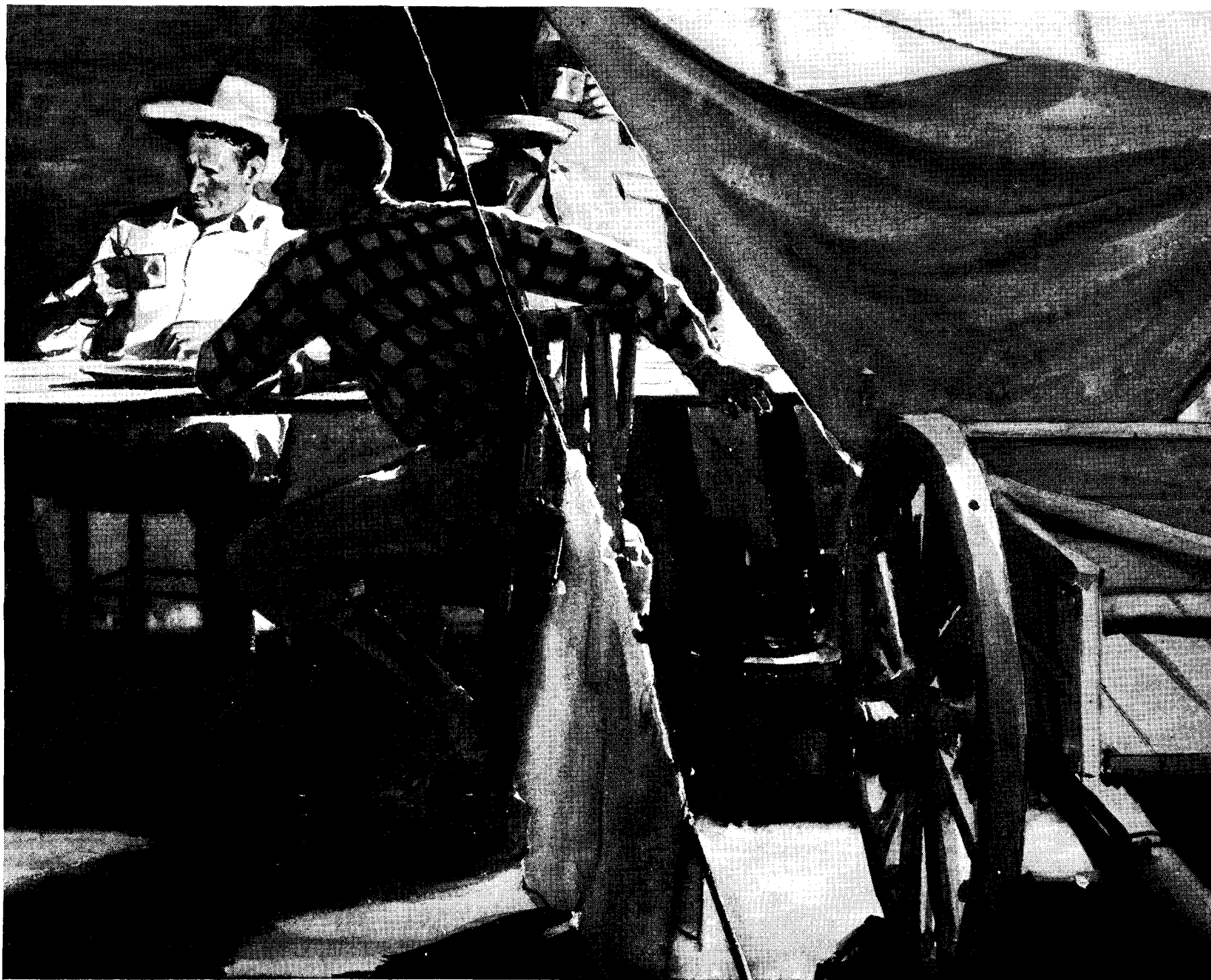
pany's geologist, young Dave van Lenep. At five o'clock the faint chill of a high altitude night clung to the air; at eight the full blaze of the sun swept the flat plain and another burning day began to oppress them. The outfit steadied down to a stolid riding, following the raw line of the trackless railroad grade.

That night they put up at a water camp thirty miles from Benton. The next day, riding on across the parched, faintly undulating land, they reached the crest of the Continental Divide, so flattened out here that they could not perceive it. They were seven thousand feet high, with a faint breeze burning against them; they were tipping down into the scorched plains of Bitter Creek. Beyond the middle of the afternoon Peace halted the party.

He said: "I don't know what we'll find at Moylan's. A man was killed, and the work's stopped. But it wouldn't do to bring soldiers into the camp. Put up here until I come back." He went on with Morgan and Overmle. At dusk they sighted the yellow glitter of Moylan's grade campfires.

Daylight died entirely as they followed the foot-deep alkali dust of the right of way toward twenty or more tents lying on the desert. A street ran between these tents. Men walked forward and formed a little group, waiting for Peace's party.

(Continued on page 47)



Wrong Number

The story of a girl who did not want to marry the wrong man—and a man who, opportunistically, made a telephone yield the right answer

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

By Dana Burnet

KAY LATHROP woke with a reluctance that was strange to her brisk and capable mind. She lay with her eyes closed, her slender young body nestling motionless under the covers, as still as an animal hiding from an enemy.

But that was ridiculous. There was no enemy here. There was no one at all, not even her maid, who never came till late afternoon on Sundays.

"What's the matter with me?" she thought drowsily. "What has happened—?" Then suddenly her brain cleared, and the teasing sense of anxiety that had assailed her on waking resolved itself into a definite pattern of fact. She sat up, her eyes wide open, and stared at the French clock on the mantel over the neat, wood-burning fireplace. It was a little after ten. In less than two hours, at twelve o'clock noon, Richard would call her, she would answer him briefly and it would all be settled.

At noon precisely—Richard Carleton was a precise person—the telephone in her living-room would ring, she would pick up the receiver and say "Yes" into the mouthpiece; say it quickly, even before he had a chance to repeat the question that he had asked her only yesterday. "Yes," she would say, and it would be settled forever and ever. . . .

But it was all settled now! She had made up her mind the night before that she was going to marry Richard Carleton, the publisher.

She was Katherine Lathrop, who had arrived in New York five years ago, a friendless nobody, with only the thousand dollars from Mother's life insurance in her purse and a portfolio of drawings under her arm. The money had lasted a year. Then had come weeks and months of bitter hand-to-mouth existence, of heartbreak and struggle and slowly dawning success. . . . It was Richard Carleton, publisher of half a dozen women's magazines, who had bought her first sketches.

"You're like the women you draw," he had told her yesterday as they drove to that horrible literary tea. "Completely modern, disciplined in brain and body, with a kind of diamondlike hardness that can cut steel as well as catch light. The diamond is your stone. I saw one at my jeweler's the other day that would look well in an engagement ring."

KAY turned and smiled at him. They were in his car—an ultra-snobbish, fabulously old-fashioned town car of foreign make—on their way to tea and cocktails at the home of a fellow publisher who had some new genius to exploit. "Is that an offer?" Kay asked lightly.

"Definitely," replied Richard. "I am asking you to marry me," he said; and added, as calmly as if he were negotiating for one of her drawings: "How soon can you give me an answer?"

"How soon—?"

"I don't expect you to make such an important decision without thinking it over. But I've noticed it never takes you long to know your own mind. Suppose I call you tomorrow noon? Then we can have the afternoon and evening together—to make plans."

The smile had faded from Kay's lips. "You seem pretty sure that I'll accept," she said.

"I think you'll see the logic of it," he countered imperturbably. "If you were the romantic sort, I'd be more in doubt about you. But you're not, thank heaven, and neither am I. I look at life realistically. So do you. You've had to. I don't believe there's a single illusion in that pretty head of yours."

Kay answered slowly, honestly: "No, I don't believe there is." Then, after a pause: "All right, Richard. Call me tomorrow noon."

And this was tomorrow. This golden morning that came dancing into her bedroom when she drew aside the window curtains, this gay April Sunday was the day whose noon hour would change her whole existence, for better or worse. . . . For better or worse, for richer or for poorer. . . .

"For Richard or poorer," Kay said aloud; and giggled so loudly that it startled her. She sat down at her dressing table and began to brush her hair, as though by performing this usual rite she could recapture her usual serene self.

Then she saw lying beside her handbag on the dresser the corsage of yellow orchids that Bruce Stafford had bought for her last evening, after they had fled together from the literary tea party. She put out her hand slowly, picked up the

wilted blossoms and raised them toward her lips; and then, with a quick gesture, put them down again. "You fool," she said to her reflection in the mirror.

She leaned forward, staring at herself in the glass.

"LET'S face it," she said, speaking aloud as if to a living presence. "State the facts and it won't seem so important. It isn't important. It can't be. You've worked too hard; you've gone too far to be knocked off your feet by an emotional accident. . . . And after all, what happened? You went with Richard to a literary brawl. Richard had to leave early to keep a dinner engagement. . . . You found yourself talking to a man, a young man—but he's twenty-eight. . . . He told me so. . . . And he turned out to be Bruce Stafford, the lion of the occasion. . . . only he didn't look like a lion. He looked like a small boy who had been dragged to the party by his governess. . . . His hair was reddish brown and rumped and his suit

was brown, too . . . and wrinkled. . . . I guess he'd just unpacked it. . . . He said he'd just got back from a vacation cruise. . . . And he's leaving for Hollywood Monday—that's tomorrow—to work on the picture version of his novel. . . . And his eyes are brown like the rest of him, and—Oh, dear! Why can't I stick to the facts?"

The facts were simple enough. She and Bruce finally had escaped the tea party together, though Kay had protested that he ought not to leave, since he was the guest of honor. But he had said: "I've been on exhibition for two hours. That's long enough. Just because I happen to have written a novel that clicked, must I go on suffering indefinitely? I want to talk to you. I like you. I mean I want to talk to you for a long time—for hours. Come on."

"Where?" asked Kay.

"Oh, anywhere. Maybe to Louis' for dinner. I'll meet you in the hall in five minutes."

She had met him. . . .

There was a stain of sunset in the sky as they walked across town to Louis' restaurant where, he told her, he had dined regularly—on credit—while he was writing his book. "It was fun paying Louis back," he said. "It's fun having money in your pocket. I'd like to buy you something."

"Oh, no," Kay said; but she laughed and did not protest when he took her arm and steered her into a corner florist's shop. She came out wearing the corsage of yellow orchids, which Bruce said went marvelously with her hair, her

(Continued on page 39)



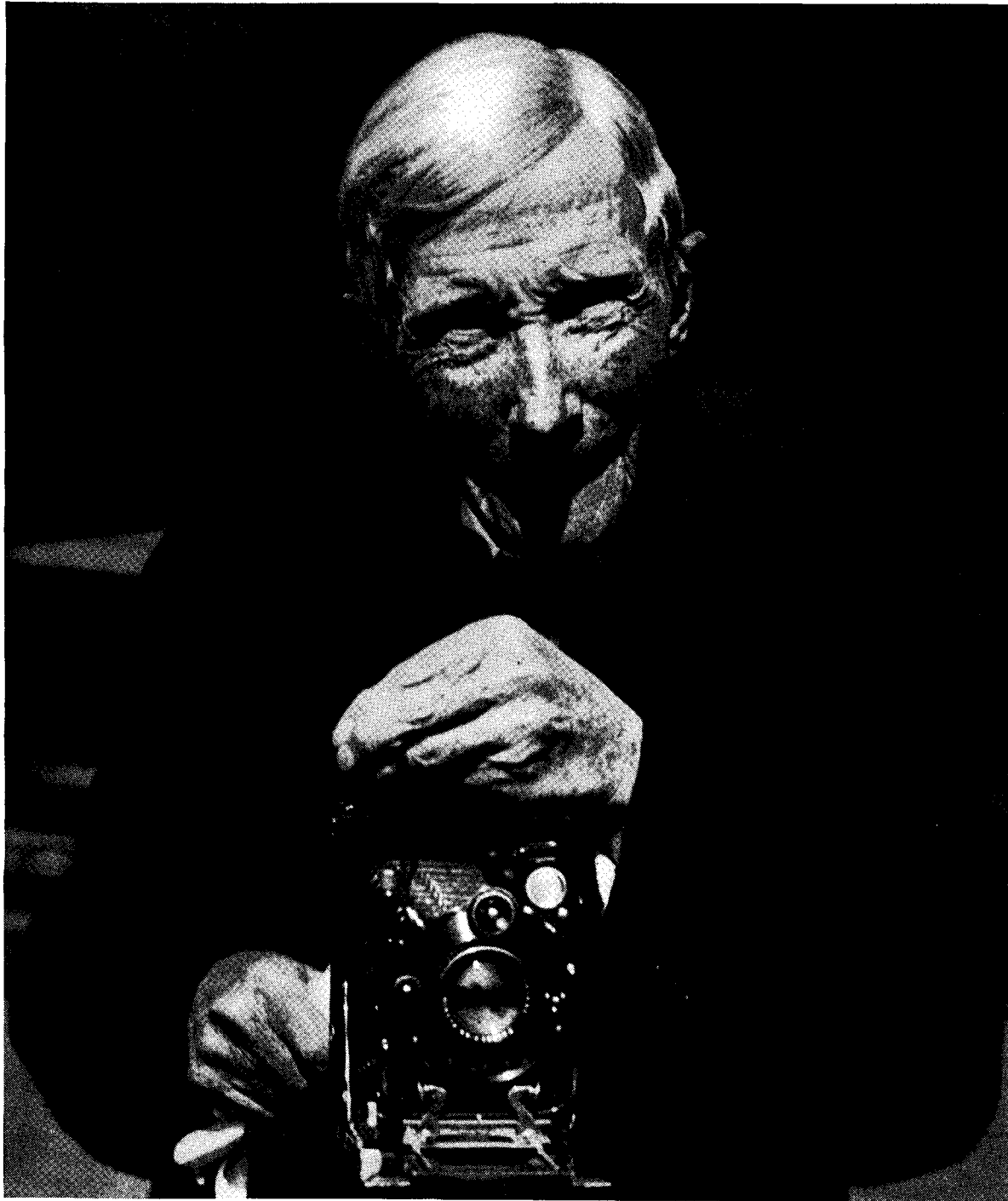
She came out wearing the corsage of yellow orchids, which Bruce said went marvelously with her hair

Oldest and Richest

Mr. Churchill reviews the life and times of John D. Rockefeller as the former oil king approaches his ninety-seventh birthday

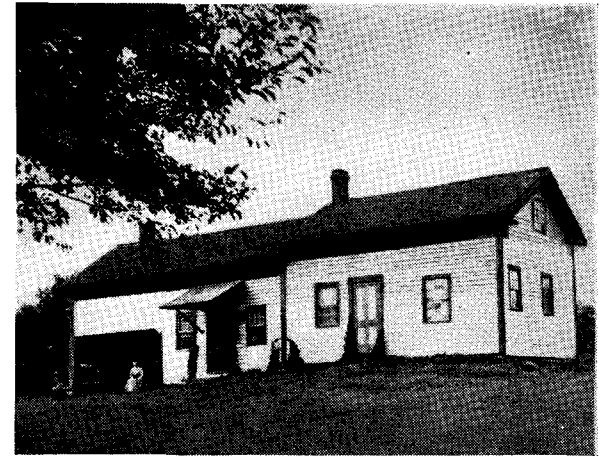
By Winston Churchill

The house at Richford, New York, in which John D. Rockefeller was born on July 8, 1839, and, below, his father, Dr. William A. Rockefeller

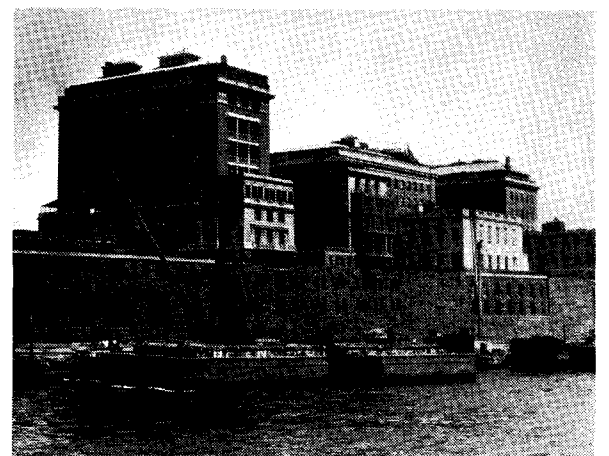
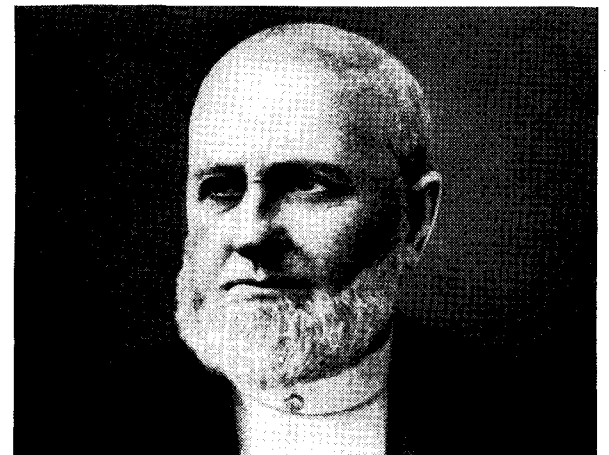


KADEL AND HERBERT

John D. Rockefeller at 97, a legendary figure in American industrial history



BROWN BROS.



CHARLES PHILIPS CUSHING

The Rockefeller Institute in New York City

THE acquisition of wealth for its own sake can never be rated high in the scale of human endeavor. If John Davison Rockefeller's gathering of a fortune at one time computed at two billion dollars were his sole title to fame, it would not be worth while to examine his claims to "greatness."

If it be found, however, that he sought money because it was the only means open to him of obtaining power, and if he sought this power only for the purpose of using it wisely and well, then he would enter a class widely removed from that of moneygrubbers and money-grabbers, however successful. He would enter the ranks of those servants of nations who, though they gain power by dark and unscrupulous methods, nevertheless use it so that their contemporaries and posterity owe them a debt and do not deny their titles to lasting repute.

There are many people who would question, or even deny, John D. Rockefeller's claim to any form of greatness. They declare that he has never been anything but a money-seeker, and tell how, visiting a friend who was a booklover, he said, "You get pleas-

ure out of your books. Do you know the only thing that gives me pleasure? It's to see my dividends coming in, just to see my dividends coming in." The story, whether true or not, is part of the hostile Rockefeller legend. His detractors reconcile his marvelous acquisitiveness with his magnificent benefactions by the ingenious explanation that, in disposing of his surplus millions, he puts through a deal with the Baptist God, and buys salvation with parcels of stock.

The authors of this theory understand neither the Rockefeller who made millions nor the Rockefeller who gives them away. The founder of the Standard Oil Company would not have felt the need of paying hush money to Heaven. He would believe that he was doing God's work equally when he amassed his enormous fortune and when he distributed it. On his eighty-sixth birthday he summed up the story of his life: "And God was good to me every day."

In my subaltern days I read Henry Lloyd's "Wealth Against Commonwealth." It made a profound impression on me. It roused me to anger against the oil

magnates and against great trusts. There was set out in scathing argument the methods by which the Standard Oil attained a monopoly position. The ruthless war that Rockefeller waged against his rivals, the callousness with which he exploited the producers of the oil he turned into gold, are all recounted. I read how the railroads were cajoled or browbeaten or blackmailed into playing the Standard's game of illegal rebates and drawbacks; how they were forced to become the Standard's spies. I read how, cynically and systematically, politicians, public officials and the trusted employees of other companies were corrupted and debauched. Behind all this lay the trail of businesses ruined, homes wrecked, lives broken and the ever-swelling power of Standard Oil.

The Puritans have always been money-makers. When they fought against Charles I it was not only in defense of the privileges of Parliament and to win the right to worship the Almighty in their own way. It was also for the right to acquire wealth in their own way. And those who crossed the Atlantic, in the Mayflower and afterwards, shared the business

instincts, as well as the religious zeal, of their brethren in England.

Of this stock, on his mother's side, came Rockefeller. Not everyone would have been attracted by the hymn-singing atmosphere of the Rockefeller home, or would have cared to join those family gatherings where the old man preached on texts from Ledger A, the little book, carefully treasured, that contained the records of his first earnings and his first expenditures. But Mr. Rockefeller's spiritual background is important to the understanding of the man, and essential to any considered judgment of him. For sincerity is a necessary ingredient of greatness. No man has ever accomplished anything of real value or importance who has not believed in himself and in what he was doing.

Mr. Rockefeller revolutionized the principles and practices of modern business. Large-scale industrial "planning," of which we have heard so much during recent years, started with his scheme of controlling the flow of oil to the world's markets. More important still, he was the pioneer of the new philanthropy. He has not given money to good causes, or to benefit individuals or organizations here and now. He invested it where it would pay dividends to future generations.

"We searched constantly for finalities," he has said. "We tried to get at the causes of things, to cure evils at the source." Hence the endowment of research, which has already been so fruitful of beneficent results. Hence also the contrast between the millions he gives for science and the gifts of cast-off clothing or old shoes he sometimes makes to individuals. "Have these shoes recobled and they will last another year," he wrote to an acquaintance who was down on his luck at a time when his own personal fortune already touched astronomical figures.

When John D. Rockefeller first came to the oil regions of Pennsylvania he found what was virtually a series of mining camps. Men made money quickly and squandered it overnight. Oil flooded the land, and whisky flowed as freely as oil. Of the price of every barrel of crude that was won from the ground, half went into the pocket of a gambler or the stocking of a camp woman.

Stabilizing the Industry

The young man from Cleveland was already partner in a prosperous commission agency. He was saving the greater part of his earnings. His only relaxations had been the social parties of the Erie Street Baptist Church and the keeping of church accounts. The oil fields beckoned him, because his keen eyes discerned there the promise of fortune, but the life of the mushroom townships outraged alike his conscience and his acquisitive instinct. There was no temptation for him in the gaudy dance halls or the all night poker games. He despised the men who yielded to such weaknesses. And oil-getting itself was a gamble. He left it to the loud-mouthed spendthrifts whom the lure of fantastic gain had drawn to the new Eldorado. He went into the refining end of the business, where ability and foresight might be sure of their reward.

But he quickly discovered that refining also had its disadvantages. The price of oil fluctuated too sharply and too often. At the beginning of 1860 it was twenty dollars a barrel; at the end of 1861 it was ten cents. There was no attempt to stabilize the industry.

Rockefeller's first great contribution to industrial technique was the rationalization of refining. Half a century before the word came into use, he devised and carried out the plan. Driven by the need to put his own business on a sound basis, he bought every refinery whose

owners would sell. He shut down inefficient and redundant plants, concentrated production in those best fitted to deal with it, and marketed a product of uniform quality through a highly organized system of selling agencies. Within three or four years he was the largest refiner in the United States. In ten years he was in control of the whole industry, able to fix prices both for crude and refined oil.

The methods by which he arrived at this dominating position were as unscrupulous as they were able. The cornerstones of Standard Oil were corruption and illegality. To those who opposed him Rockefeller was ruthless. But order replaced chaos throughout the oil lands. The reign of waste was over. The crazy seesaw of prices was no more. The fantastic childhood of the industry had ended.

And Rockefeller was no worse than

way—by extending demand. He was the pioneer of creative selling—the first man to realize that the quickest way to wealth is not to cater to existing wants, but to bring new ones into existence.

For centuries Chinese coolies had dropped lengths of wick into evil-smelling fish oil to provide their huts with a fitful and uncertain illumination. The Standard Oil Company won for itself the title of the Light of Asia by giving away millions of cheap lamps to the natives of the Celestial Empire. It was good business, for the sales of kerosene in the Orient went up by leaps and bounds and for years, until the Royal Dutch organization challenged them, the Standard had this immensely profitable field to themselves.

In considering Mr. Rockefeller's business methods, we are too apt to emphasize their more sinister aspects. This is a mistake, because these features were

difference is that in the larger concern they mount up more rapidly.

So no saving has ever been too small for him. For a long time forty drops of solder were considered necessary to fasten the lid on a can of oil. Then a Standard man, acting on a suggestion of Mr. Rockefeller's, discovered that the job could be done just as securely with thirty-nine. Instructions were issued accordingly, to the amusement of those who thought "trifles" of that sort unworthy of attention. But the change resulted in a saving of fifty thousand dollars in the first year, and of still greater sums every year afterwards.

The efficiency expert is usually considered a comparatively recent development. But stories like this show that he is older than we think. He was another by-product of Standard Oil. Today statistical departments are maintained by most large business houses. The first started when a seventeen-year-old office boy worked out the cost of manufacturing a gallon of kerosene. No one had ever bothered about unit costs before. Rather diffidently, the youngster showed his calculations to Mr. Rockefeller. When, years later, that office-boy was vice-president of the Standard Oil Company, and one of the protagonists in the struggle for the control of the markets of the Far East, in which Sir Henri Deterding attacked the Standard monopoly, many highly trained statisticians were employed in the department his little sum brought into being.

The Most Hated Man

That was part of Rockefeller's business genius. He recognized and encouraged ability wherever he found it. He had no prejudices. He judged the office boy's idea on its merits without reference to the age or status of its originator. He employed the Reverend Frederick Taylor Gates in delicate and important commercial missions as well as in working out the ground plans of the new philanthropy.

It is to Gates, incidentally, that the lion's share of the credit for the Rockefeller system of scientific giving is sometimes ascribed. The original idea may have been his. But it was Rockefeller who saw its possibilities and proceeded to realize them, just as in the office-boy's scrap of paper he discerned the embryo of the mathematical approach to business problems. Others might forge the weapons but Rockefeller was the master strategist who taught the world how they should be used.

The modern practice of having a board of directors composed of men devoting the whole of their time and energies to the affairs of their company also originated with Mr. Rockefeller and Standard Oil. There was no room for passengers or guinea pigs in that great organization. Very often these directors had worked their way up from the lowest beginnings. The Standard not only paid their employees generously, but gave them every opportunity of advancement.

What is sometimes called the new spirit in industry, the spirit in which employers work harmoniously together, as partners in one enterprise, has been the guiding principle of Standard Oil. It is possibly that fact, rather than normal indignation against the architect of monopoly, which accounts for the peculiar venom with which Socialist criticism always pursued Mr. Rockefeller.

But it is not only Socialists who have assailed the Colossus of Oil. When in 1901 the murder of President McKinley carried Theodore Roosevelt into the White House, antitrust feeling was rising like a tide. Popular anger was largely concentrated against the Standard, and Rockefeller was the most hated

(Continued on page 28)



his neighbors. At this period there were no Rotary Clubs to preach "Service, not self." American business morality was based on the standards of the pirate ship. Everywhere the law was flouted and ignored; bribery was a normal commercial expense; every politician had his price. Had the young Baptist attempted to mix Christian principles with business practice he would have been bankrupt in a few months. But the Puritan sects have always preferred the Old Testament to the New, and the Jews regarded spoiling the Amalekites as not merely permissible, but praiseworthy.

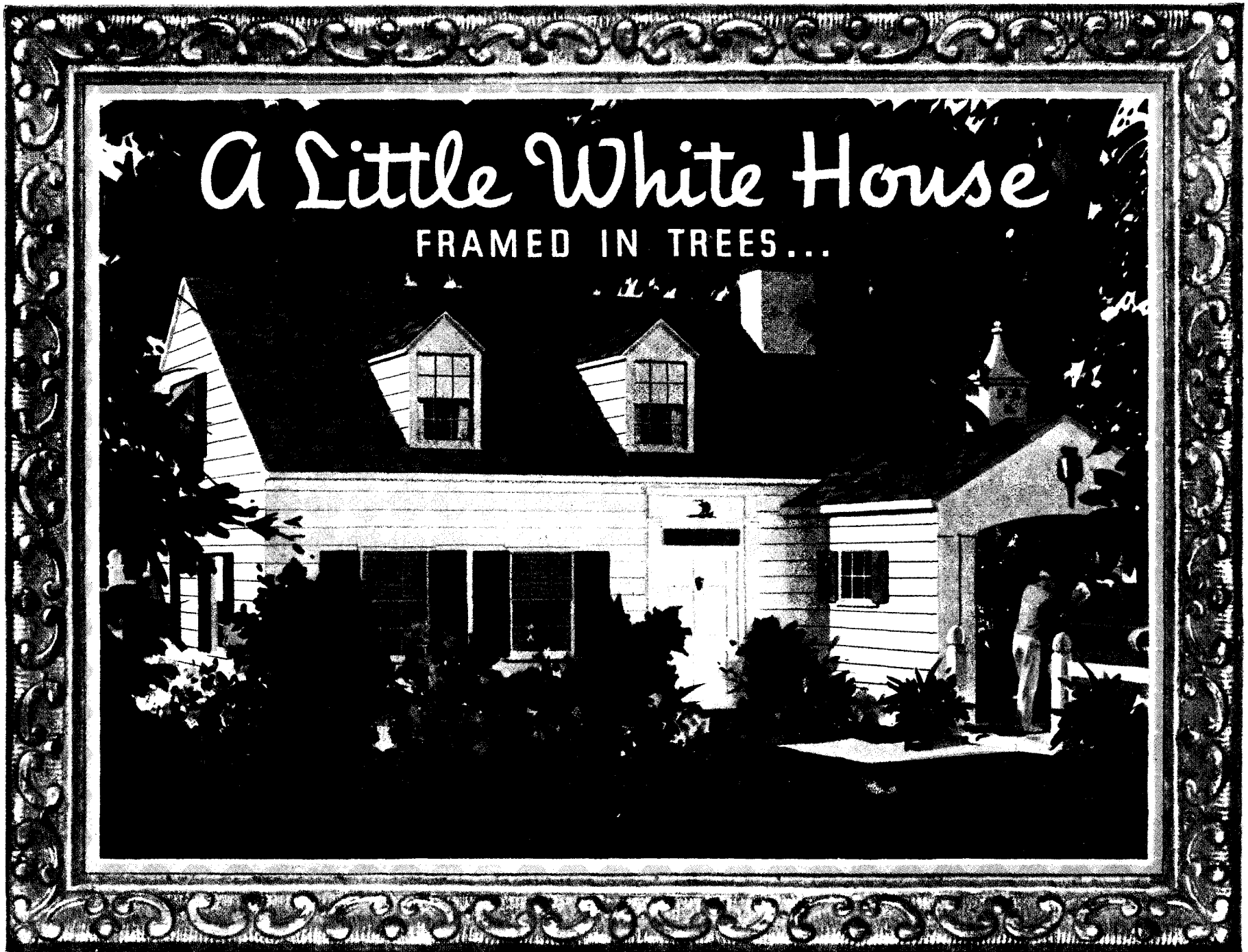
Also, in his dealings with rivals, Rockefeller was always willing to make a deal. He was prepared to fight, if fighting were necessary, but he preferred making an ally to crushing an enemy.

In our day, the favorite method of equating supply and demand is to cut down the former. Once Rockefeller controlled supply he set himself to attain his balance in a much more satisfactory

common to all American enterprise at that time. It is more interesting and more instructive to turn to those policies in which the Standard Oil differed from other organizations, in which it broke new ground. Some of the most significant of these we have already touched upon. But there are others which deserve notice.

Counting Every Penny

Mr. Rockefeller was not the first American to preach and practice the virtues of thrift and economy. But he systematized them. When he was in his first job, he was given a plumber's bill and told to pay it. Before doing so he checked the various items, and found a number of overcharges. That incident taught him to take nothing for granted, and to be careful of all sums. Even when his income had increased to a million a week, he kept that lesson constantly in mind. He knew that it is no less imperative to look after the cents in a big business than in a small one. The only



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HOME, SWEET HOME! You've planned for it. Worked for it. Sacrificed for it.

Then why invite the heartache that is sure to follow if you use "cheap" paint?

The first photograph at the right shows what always happens—how "cheap" paint soon cracks and scales, not only marring the beauty of a house but exposing the wood to the ravages of the weather.

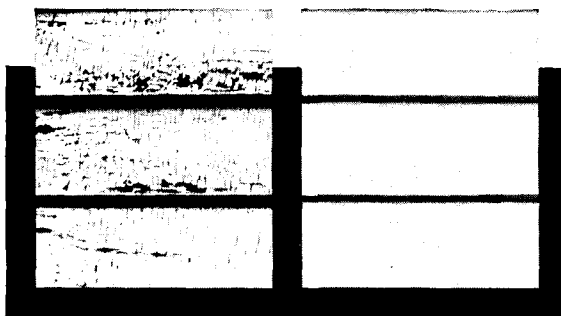
That's hard to bear, but the sequel is heartbreaking too. For before new paint can be put on the old must be taken off, burned and scraped off, down to the bare wood . . . a costly operation that takes all the "bargain" out of the original job. Then on top of that comes another expensive extra. Before the finishing coats are applied a new priming coat is needed.

But note the contrast with Dutch Boy. No heartaches here. No extra expense. For paint made with Dutch Boy White-Lead does not crack and scale. It resists the weather—wears down stubbornly by gradual chalking, leaving a smooth, unbroken surface, one



Dutch Boy White Lead

GOOD PAINT'S OTHER NAME



"CHEAP" PAINT

After a few months. A short life and a sad one. Now the surface must be repainted. But first the old paint must be burned off and then an extra coat—a new priming coat—applied. All this is expense the owner never figured on.

DUTCH BOY

After several years. Same location as "cheap" paint job. Look at the difference in condition. No cracking and scaling here. When repaint time does come, no burning and scraping and no new priming coat will be needed.

that needs no burning and scraping when repainting is necessary.

The experienced painter prefers to put on Dutch Boy because its beauty and durability give lasting satisfaction to property owners and reflect credit on his craftsmanship. He mixes it to suit the require-

ments of the job and tints it to the exact colors you specify. No one knows paint like a painter.

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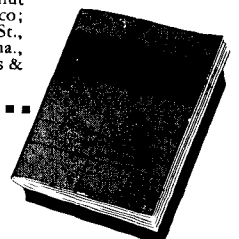
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Morris "Moe" Berg of the Boston Red Sox, the perfect blend of scholar and athlete

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
IFOR THOMAS
Collier's Staff
Photographer



to be known as the Boston Red Sox, but what now, due to young owner Tom Yawkey's unprecedented player purchases, are called the Boston Millionaires. Berg is getting along as ballplayers go. This is his fourteenth season of professional play. That's dotage in baseball. Although still but thirty-four, tall, handsome and full of vitamins, the years under the bats have taken their athletic toll. Even the sturdiest legs will take only so much of that catcher's squat and fourteen seasons are a lot of seasons. In the natural course of events, it won't be long before he'll follow his pal, Lefty O'Doul, out of the big show.

But he'll follow only as far as the park's front gate. It'll be no catching for Corsicana, nor any managerial portfolio in the Sally League for him. His next stop will be an expensively furnished office at a swank New York address. In fact it is now, for Moe Berg, the catcher and Morris Berg, successful member of the New York bar, executive and director of at least two profitable corporations, charter member of the American Linguistic Society, author of learned theses upon various phases of phonetics and philology, and profound authority upon the peculiarities and irregularities of the Romance languages are all one and the same broad-shouldered party.

A Model Young Man

There's undoubtedly a lesson in Berg for many a collegian who wonders if he can make a baseball career help him toward something more substantial. There's advice for the young fellow who may be wondering if he can successfully freight his ideals and some rather lofty hobby through the professional arena of blood, sweat and leather.

Here's the almost perfect blend of the scholar and athlete, although seeing him as the one, you'd scarcely suspect him of the other. He's publicly proud of the athletic part. He prefers to be known as a ballplayer and wants to be known as a ballplayer's ballplayer. Of the other, he's modest, deprecatory, even almost secretive.

But there's no question about his qualifications. He even, at one stage of his career, was offered a teaching job at Princeton University in the department of Romance languages, Princeton being his alma mater. But he liked to play baseball too well.

Baseball and the love of languages always have been his twin major enthusiasms. He can't tell you where the dividing line is. Fortunate he's been beyond the common run of mortals to have two great loves and to enjoy them both to the fullest.

A crack shortstop and honor student from a Newark, New Jersey, high school, he chose Princeton as his college in order to take advantage of its fine courses in the classical and Romance languages. That was in 1919. He emerged four years later, still a crack

Three O'Clock Scholar

These fine summer afternoons you will find Moe Berg pounding a catcher's mitt for the Boston Red Sox. He spends the rest of his time digging into the Romance languages, conducting a law practice and dabbling in business

By Bill Cunningham

LEFTY O'DOUL—"The Man in the Green Suit"—was not only a great outfielder, especially with the hickory, but he was and still is, out there on the coast, a handsome dog, a snappy dresser and quite a card at kidding the ladies. The little Japanese waitress, with eyes like black agates, a demure politeness and a smile that had to do in place of words, ordinarily would have been an instant target for some of his pleasant foolishness.

But Lefty wasn't looking.

He and Ted Lyons, the pitcher, were in close conference at the moment about something or other. That gave Moe Berg the chance to take a piece of paper and make a lot of queer-looking symbols on it. The three big-league ballplayers were in Tokyo, no less, having arrived earlier that day at the behest of the six

local universities for the prime purpose of teaching the Nipponese youth what to do with a baseball. Weary from sight-seeing all afternoon, they had repaired to a native stube to try a glass of Japanese beer. The waitress had approached unnoticed by all save Mr. Berg, who, as above, quietly decorated the slip of paper, handed it to her and indicated that he'd like to have her read it aloud.

"Frank O'Doul," she began in a clipped little voice, "ees the ugliest mug I ever have seen. His face would stop a clock. He iss also a lousy beesball player. Some day he will get hit with a fly ball and keeled!"

"What's that?" spluttered Lefty, while Lyons almost laughed himself out of his chair and the rabbinical Mr. Berg merely looked pained and shocked.

The little Japanese girl ever so faintly

shrugged her shoulders and spoke practically her complete English vocabulary, "Me no understand."

And she didn't. She'd merely spoken a lot of, to her, meaningless Japanese syllables Berg had strung together in such a way that they sounded like English. The effect was funnier because she plainly didn't know what she'd said.

"You and your languages," Lefty grinned at the American League backstopper, "but I didn't know you knew Japanese."

"I don't," said Moe, "but I'm beginning to get the swing of it."

"Sounds as if you're doing pretty good," said Lyons. "Have you learned the word for beer yet? If you have, speak it. I'm dry."

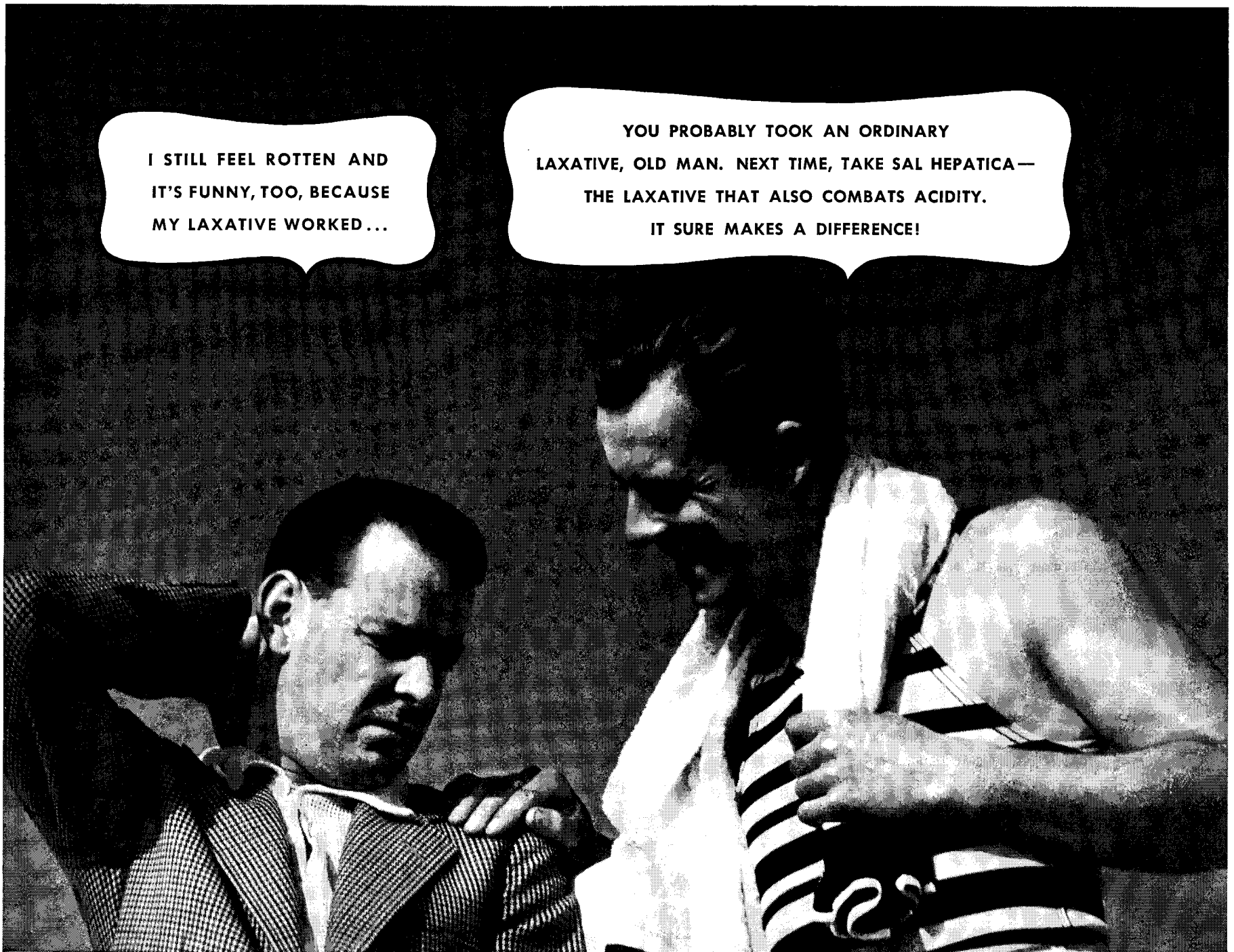
Berg is the big hard-fisted, bass-talking second-string catcher of what used



Moe Berg

I STILL FEEL ROTTEN AND
IT'S FUNNY, TOO, BECAUSE
MY LAXATIVE WORKED...

YOU PROBABLY TOOK AN ORDINARY
LAXATIVE, OLD MAN. NEXT TIME, TAKE SAL HEPATICA—
THE LAXATIVE THAT ALSO COMBATS ACIDITY.
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You need more than laxative action . . . you must **COMBAT ACIDITY**, too!

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For an ordinary laxative gives you laxative action only. Ordinary laxatives are not designed to combat the acidity that usually accompanies constipation. Your groggy, sickish feeling is apt to hang on.

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tract—gently, quickly, thoroughly—but brings about a definite alkaline (anti-acid) reaction, to help your system return to its healthy alkaline reserve.

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TUNE IN: "Town Hall Tonight" featuring Stoopnagle and Budd and hopeful amateurs. Every Wednesday night—N.B.C.—coast to coast. One full hour.



Sal Hepatica does BOTH!

Three O'clock Scholar

Continued from page 24

shortstop, only now he had the record of having been the bright star of a great college team that had run up a string of nineteen consecutive wins.

With this, he combined a classroom batting average so high that any one of several teaching posts could have been his for the taking. But he didn't want to teach. He wanted to learn.

Full of Dante, Rousseau, Racine and their like, he'd become definitely curious about how the words they worked with had been developed from the original Latin. He wanted to go to the celebrated Sorbonne in Paris and there, under the famed Abbé Rousselot, founder of the science of Experimental Phonetics, track, especially, the French language back to its original sources. That was his idea of what next to do. His baseball career he considered at an end. He hadn't thought anything about playing it professionally.

But professionally it had thought plenty about playing him, and as soon as he was graduated, it made its approaches. Brooklyn, desperately in need of a shortstop, was the most importunate. They offered him five thousand and sundry extras for the rest of the season, then practically half finished. It was Bill Clark, the Princeton coach, who finally suggested that he might take the baseball money to finance his French university course. Clark considered Berg one of his prize products. Knowing his other possibilities, he hesitated to advise him to make baseball his career although he felt he'd make good if he did. This combination of the two, however, seemed sensible enough. It would be making one work for the other.

From Learning to Leather

Berg finally got around to seeing it that way too, and, fresh from college, he became one with such grizzled and undilettantish brethren as Dazzy Vance, Dutch Reuther, Zack Wheat, the late Charley Schmidt and others of a memorable combination. They even threw him in with Charley Schmidt as a roommate, which figured to take any college starch out of his neck, for old Charley knew a lot of words Mr. Berg had never studied. He never hesitated to use them, either, nor to back them up with fists as big as brickbats and twice as hard. But if they did it for a gag, it didn't work. The tough veteran and the tender rookie clicked from the moment they shook hands. They were bosom pals inside of a week.

Berg played ball, and good ball, for the rest of the season, and then sailed for Paris and the realization of his dream.

"Just what was it you studied under this—how do you say it?—Abbé Rousselot?" I asked him.

"For one thing," he said, "where the irregular spellings and endings crept into the various languages. The further Caesar's legions trekked from Rome, carrying their language and their customs with them, the more the pure Latin became diluted with the language of the peoples they were trying to subjugate. In one sense, it's a breakdown, but true philologists consider such things always rather an evolution.

"But to give you some simple examples," he continued, "the Latin word for twenty is *viginti*. The modern word in French for the same thing is *vingt*. To a philologist, it's instantly apparent that the *g* in *vingt* is in the wrong place. Tracing back to see how it got there, we discover that before the Renaissance, *viginti* had been corrupted, or had developed into *vint*, so far as the French were concerned, but that nobody bothered about it. The scholars of the Renaissance, however, comparing the current French word with the original Latin, discovered that the *g* had been

lost somewhere, so they decided to stick it back in. They stuck it in all right, but stuck it in the wrong place!"

Plenty of accredited French teachers, incidentally, will be reading that here for the first time.

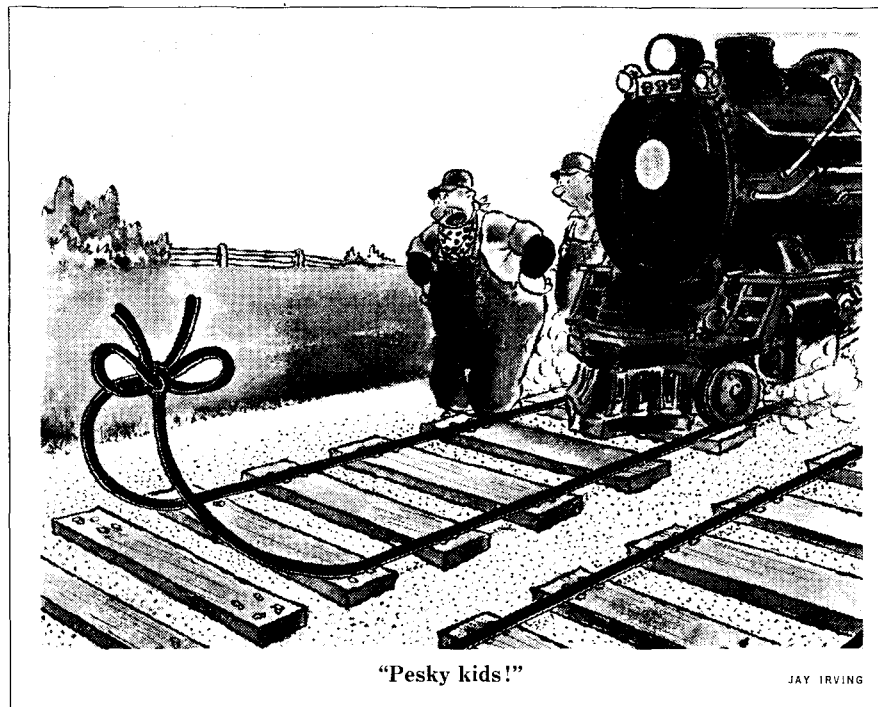
A Four-Bagger—in French

"And the Latin word for horse," he continued, "is *caballus*. It's represented today in the various languages by various words—*cavalier*, *caballero*, *cavalry*, and so on. In French, it became *cheval*. Now the normal plural in almost any language is attained by adding *s* or *es*. Furthermore the letters *l* and *u* are so interconnected in vocalic expression that they are almost interchangeable. Hence, in the spoken word, the plural of *cheval* becomes almost naturally something that sounds like *chevaus*. And that was the way it was spoken in France before printing presses were invented.

"The manuscript writers used sym-

Brooklyn, unsure of him, had made other shortstopping arrangements and shipped him on to Minneapolis in the American Association. This was something of a shock, but he gave it the shrug and the old *c'est la guerre*. He played star ball for the Millers, gravitated from there to Reading in the International League and became such a standout that Eddie Collins, then managing the Chicago White Sox, bought him for Mr. Comiskey's ball club in 1925.

The young man had had three years to do some thinking. Active earning years in baseball are limited no matter how much a man loves the game. Philology was still his companionate passion, but there isn't a living in that unless the practitioner becomes a sedate faculty member. That sort of cloistered existence didn't appeal. He determined to study law, letting baseball finance his course. Eddie Collins couldn't see it. He said Berg had enough future in baseball, but Berg wondered what would happen if he broke a leg, lost an eye or jammed



bolts of a sort, here and there, and they used a rather peculiar one at the end of the word *chevaus*. It looked something like a Greek letter X, consisting of an upward flourish of the pen and then a continuing circle down through the original mark. When the presses came in and the printers were looking for a symbol more or less like the one on the manuscripts, they took the letter X as we know it, and that is how the plural of horse in French became *chevaus*, giving French students for all time one of those pesky irregular endings."

Imagine that from an anvil-fisted catcher who still yanks a mask off occasionally and wades into an umpire with "Listen, you half-blind son of an Arkansas hog thief. . . ."

Linguist?

I'll say. Two or three sorts of one.

Six months later the renowned French scholar had led the shortstopping linguist as far as he could take him along the philological paths that appealed to him especially. Moreover, spring was in the air. While the whisper of April in Paris may mean a lot of things to a lot of different people, the principal thing it meant to Berg was that it was baseball time back in the Etats Unis and, having temporarily slaked his thirst for culture, he suddenly found himself hungry for the fare of the diamond.

his throwing hand in an automobile door.

He used the name Morris Berg when he applied for admission to the Columbia University Law School and was careful to say nothing about baseball. The legal field is overcrowded and the better schools discourage young men they feel may not be entirely serious. Berg was finishing his second year in 1927 before he revealed his dual role.

Berg finished his law course in 1929, and just before leaving for the White Sox training camp in Dallas passed the New York Bar exams, standing high in a group of six hundred who passed, whereas exactly one thousand who took the same exams failed. He was promptly taken into and is still associated with the New York law firm of Satterlee and Canfield, his splendid knowledge of languages making him especially expert in the handling of foreign contracts and international matters in general.

Meantime, two years back, he'd changed from shortstopping to backstopping, and that's quite a story in itself. It was in June of '27. Ray Schalk was managing the White Sox and doing the catching. In Philadelphia, one of Connie Mack's then potent pachyderms tipped a pitch and broke Mr. Schalk's thumb. Next day in the second game of a double-header, Max Bishop of the Philadelphians fouled another to split

the fingers of Buck Crouse, the second-string receiver. This left the Alabaster Hose with but one more replacement, young Harry McCurdy, fresh from football and baseball stardom at the University of Illinois.

Two days later, in Boston, Harry got clipped. It was a bad one, too, a broken finger. The game stopped dead. Chicago had no more catchers. Schalk looked at his shortstop and said, "What do you say?"

"Sure, I'll give it a try," said Berg.

He'd never been behind the bat before in his life. The game was in its third inning. Sarge Connolly was pitching. Berg caught a perfect game of ball and has been catching ever since. His first peg to second hit the bag right on the buckle.

Berg's career was summed up pretty accurately by Joe Cronin, when, after leaving Chicago for service with Cleveland and Washington, he was bought by the Red Sox two years ago to bolster the backstopping department of Yawkey's platinum-plated pennant hopes.

"Why Berg?" asked some of the scribes.

"Because," said his new manager, who'd likewise had him in Washington, "he's got plenty of what it takes between the ears. Book sense and baseball sense don't always go together, but this fellow's got more than his share of both. If your first-string catching breaks down, you're sunk unless you have a real replacement. Berg's not the youngest man in the league any more and he had a bad knee accident a few seasons back, but he knows everything there is to know about a ball game. He knows how to break up double plays, how to help his pitcher, how to hold his infield together, what the batters can and can't hit. He knows the percentage on every play."

Nothing to Worry About

That seems to tell the story. Never a sensational star, he's been a good wheel horse, dependable, willing, a great team man and making up with a cool, keen mind that "knows all the angles" for any deficiencies in speed or physical power. Never a savage hitter, many's the ball game, nevertheless, that's been broken up with a neat rap of his delivered in a pinch, or "in the clutch," as the ballplayers say.

The years ahead of him in baseball aren't many, perhaps, but his career away from the park is already so well established that his baseball salary isn't a fifth of his income. His law practice is alive. He's a partner in a successful stationery manufacturing business and recently he became a partner in a modern improvement on the old parlor stereoscope which features three-dimension photography by means of a little roll of film.

Between times, he reads, enjoys the theater and even can be caught at an occasional symphony concert, although he conceals these facts from his cronies in the dugout. He's afraid they'll ride him. As a matter of fact, they do a little anyhow. Mr. Berg is still a bachelor.

"I love this game," he said to me the other day as he started to the bull pen to warm up Lefty Grove. "I love everything about it and everybody in it. It's been a great friend and a grand experience. It's given me a hobby, a profession, two trips around the world and a lot of fun. I'm glad I didn't play football and try to sell bonds, or maybe even," he said with a grin, "try to write sports."

"Yeah," said I, "but a gent with your unusual intelligence might even have made good at those. What's the Japanese for that?"

"It's a very pretty little symbol," he said, as he socked the cup in his mitt with a big hairy fist, "and the English pronunciation of it sounds like 'Nuts!'"



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helps neutralize mouth acidity.
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Oldest and Richest

Continued from page 22

man in all America. For years the Standard had been able to sidetrack suits against them, and had continued their violations of the law unchecked by the process of the courts. But the new regime gave their enemies the opportunity they had sought so long. Proceedings were launched against one of the subsidiary companies, the Standard of Indiana, on a charge of receiving illegal rebates from the Chicago and Alton Railway, so that they had paid only one third of the proper freight on their consignments.

There was a dramatic scene when, the charge having been established, Judge Landis passed sentence one August day in 1907. "You wound society more deeply," he declared, addressing the representatives of Standard Oil, "than does he who counterfeits the coin or steals letters from the mail." He imposed a fine of \$29,240,000, the largest in history, and expressed regret at the "inadequacy of the punishment."

Mr. Rockefeller was playing golf when the news of the fine was brought to him. He heard it unmoved. "It will be some time before that judgment is carried out," he remarked quietly, and resumed his game.

His confidence was justified. The fine was never paid. But four years later, in May, 1911, the Supreme Court of the United States issued the momentous decision: "Seven men and a corporate machine have conspired against their fellow citizens. For the safety of the Republic we now decree that this dangerous conspiracy must be ended by November 15th."

The "corporate machine" was the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey and its thirty-three subsidiaries; the seven men were John D. Rockefeller and his six most prominent colleagues. The court directed, in effect, that the companies must cease to function as a unit, and be operated independently in order to restore free competition.

Whether the Standard monopoly could have been maintained had the Supreme Court arrived at another verdict is doubtful. The American oil industry has expanded enormously since 1911; even the Standard would have been hard pressed to raise all the capital required for its development. And the trust might have grown top-heavy had the attempt been made. There is a limit to the advantages of large-scale organization: when an undertaking becomes too vast, an addition to its size means loss rather than profit.

Acting as a Unit

But even today the Standard group still controls approximately fifty per cent of the industry, and the Standard of New Jersey is the largest oil company in the world. The Supreme Court decree, in fact, was practically a dead letter from the beginning. The various Standard companies had been so organized that each had its own selling territory, and even when nominally the link of central control was broken, there was no more question of competition than there would be in like circumstances between two branches of the same ten-cent stores, one operating in New York and the other in San Francisco. Also, even though the stock of the companies was soon widely diffused, the Rockefellers and their associates retained very considerable holdings in them all, and men who had been trained in the Rockefeller tradition occupied the key positions in their management. So the Standard group could still act as a unit whenever that was necessary.

No wonder that W. K. Vanderbilt said of the "conspirators," "I never came in contact with any class of men as smart as they are—I don't believe that, by any legislative enactment or anything else, you can keep such men down. They will be on the top all the time."

Mr. Rockefeller has given away, roughly, two billion dollars, more than two thirds of the total amount of the investment in oil in 1911, at the time of the Supreme Court judgment. But the sum total of his gifts is of much less importance than the wisdom with which they were made. The son of Dr. William A. Rockefeller, "the celebrated cancer specialist," who sold quack medicines to the Middle West and lent money to his children at ten per cent, devoted a large part of his fortune to the advancement of medical science. It may yet happen that a Rockefeller research worker will make the doctor's optimistic promise, "All Cases of Cancer Cured," come true.

In the Evening of Life

When history passes its final verdict on John D. Rockefeller it may well be that his endowment of research will be recognized as a milestone in the progress of the race. For the first time science was given its head; long-term experiment on a large scale has been made practicable, and those who undertake it are freed from the shadow of financial disaster.

These facts should be borne in mind when vast accumulations of wealth are attacked as antisocial. In theory, many men of moderate fortune may give as much and as wisely to deserving causes as a few men of great possessions. In practice, they do not. A government, perhaps, might be able to endow research in still more princely fashion than Mr. Rockefeller. But democratic governments spend money with one eye on national necessities and another on the taxpayers, who are also electors. In these circumstances, research is too often starved. Even if it receives a dole one year, a change of administration or an economy campaign may strip it bare the next. Under a dictatorship, no doubt, the adequate financing of research becomes possible. But dictatorships, in recent experience, are more apt to exile their scientists than to endow them.

So we come back to the fact that science today owes almost as much to rich men of generosity and discernment as the art of the Renaissance owed to the patronage of popes and princes. Of these rich men, John D. Rockefeller is the supreme type. When he turned from making money to distributing it, he fashioned the perfect instrument for releasing and utilizing the creative powers of science.

This man, the center of so many storms, spends the long evening of his life among the scenes he loved. The old hatreds have spent themselves and died. The battles in which he has borne so redoubtable a part are a tale that has been told. Friends and foes alike have gone down into the shadows. He is the last survivor of the men who, in the critical years of nineteenth-century expansion, laid the foundations of modern America. In days when so many of the great captains of industry, the giants of finance, fought only for their own hand, like the robber barons of old, he had a larger vision and realized it. And he lingers on, with his family around him, waiting for the one goal that remains to his ambition—his hundredth birthday. All else that he desired he has achieved.

A Girl Forewarned

Continued from page 13

It hurt enough, despite all he could do about it. And he did quite a lot. It was better, when you felt this way, to talk to strangers than to friends who would try to console you. But eventually he had to run into someone he knew. It happened to be Blair.

"Something I want to ask you," Sutton said thickly, holding him by the arm. "The little outlander. The one with the light in her eye. The kid that thinks—" "Mary Ames," Blair broke in. "She's all right. You'd better get home, Sutton. I'll find you a cab."

The next morning when he awoke he remembered. At noon he entered the store through the main door and turned sharply to the right. She was there at her counter, writing a sales slip. "Perfume," he said, taking her by surprise, "in the interests of advertising."

She remembered him—he could tell by her sudden coloring. "I had to do something," she said quietly. "I applied at the advertising office first. There was nothing."

"There never is," he said. "Do you still dislike me?"

"Not quite so much," she smiled, "now that you've recognized me. Three times in the past two weeks you've looked straight through me."

He smiled. "The busy executive, you know. Will you come to my office when you're free?"

"Is it the executive speaking? Or young Mr. Sutton, who gets around?"

"Make it the executive," he said. "I'd like you to come."

He had to wait until six for her. In street clothes she looked absurdly young. He seated her across from him and lit her cigarette and pointed to a paper on his desk.

"Your application," he told her. "It was at the bottom of the pile. The ones on top were yellow with age."

"There are other stores," she answered.

He waved his hand. "Never mind the others. You start here Monday, doing whatever they do in the advertising office. It's all arranged."

She looked at him sharply. "The helping hand?"

"Do you mind?"

"I'm afraid I do. I've been so well forewarned."

HE LAUGHED. "You're learning fast!"

Distrust me, by all means. Never let down your guard. As it happens, you'll be wrong, but that doesn't matter." He looked at her again and obeyed an impulse. "Have dinner with me and I'll prove you're wrong. I won't make love to you. I have someone else on my mind."

"I've seen her," she put in, "on the stage and off. I can't compete."

"Oh, Lord! Of course you can't! No one can. That's the trouble."

"I think I understand," she said quietly. "You need someone's shoulder to cry on."

"Perhaps that's it. Will you come?"

"No."

"Am I poison?"

"You're spoiled. The self-pity is typical. I really wouldn't enjoy it. And I don't suppose I had better take your job." She stood up and turned toward the door.

He was beside her before she could open it. "Wait! This is important. You're going to be good for me. If I agree not to be sorry for myself, could you stand me?"

She hesitated a moment. Then she smiled. "I could try it and find out."

They went to a small but expensive side-street restaurant. Conversation came easily. Several times they ar-

gued heatedly—once when he laughed again at her ambitions; a second time when she upbraided him for his lack of interest in the store. "The store meant everything to my grandfather," he told her, "and now to my father. It means nothing to me. We get along without each other very nicely."

"It has your name," she persisted.

He shrugged. "Oh, I'll take over some day. When I'm forty and a little gray and safely married. If," he added lightly, "I'm married at forty."

At eleven she wanted to go. "I report tomorrow at nine," she said.

"Why not noon?" he suggested. "I'll square it."

She shook her head. "You make things too easy. It takes away all the interest. Haven't you found it so?"

"Me? Why should I?"

"You have things pretty easy. Have you ever tried it the hard way?"

He sighed. "You mean I should go to work."

She gathered her bag and gloves. "Naïve of me, isn't it?"

At the brownstone house where she had a room he told the taxi to wait. "You've been kind," he said, "putting up with the spoiled brat."

"It was easier than I thought," she answered.

"And so—we part friends?"

"A friendship founded on resentment and distrust," she said, laughing a little. "We should go far."

"We may at that," he said. "As friends."

HE AMAZED his secretary the next morning by arriving at nine-thirty instead of noon. . . .

It was a week before he saw Mary Ames again. He did not send for her; she came to him. "I thought you might like to know how I'm getting on," she said.

He leaned back in his chair and grinned at her. "I'd almost forgotten," he said.

"Are you always so frank?"

"Only with you," he answered. "So you're writing clever copy?"

"And loving it!" She sighed lightly. "But there's so much I have to learn!"

"I'm finding it that way, too," he told her. "Or haven't you heard? I'm working."

"I've heard. It's the talk of the store. They're betting you won't keep it up."

Sutton chuckled. "My father asked where the good influence came from. I told him the perfume counter. But I don't think he got it." He leaned forward. "We can't work all the time," he said. "Do we step out tonight?"

It was that evening they met Lester Blair. Sutton had chosen a popular place; he was dancing with Mary when he saw Blair's keen eyes on them curiously. But Blair did not come to their table at once. He waited until Sutton was alone.

"And so my girl has registered?" he began.

Sutton smiled. "I take all that back. She's all right."

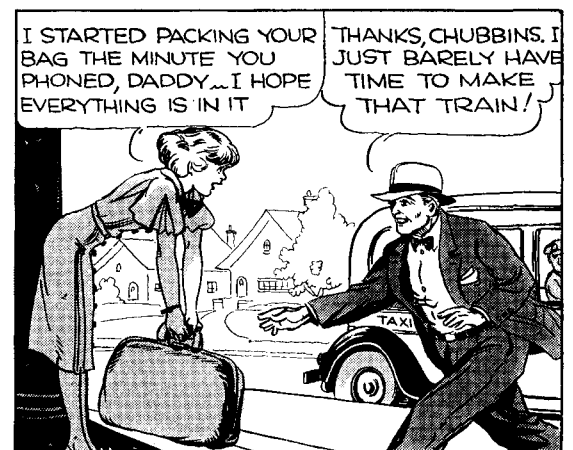
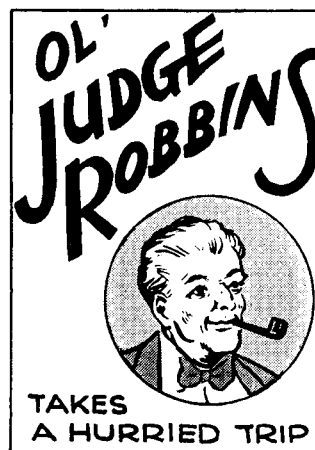
Blair stood nodding at him, his lips tight. "I see," he said. "She's all right."

"You don't see at all. You're worrying. Don't, old man."

Blair shrugged. "I'm not fond of this role, but it's been thrust upon me. I'm a protector of the young and innocent. Mary—"

"I said—don't. You're talking silly. Every man should have one woman he doesn't think of as a woman. Did you ever try it?"

(Continued on page 30)

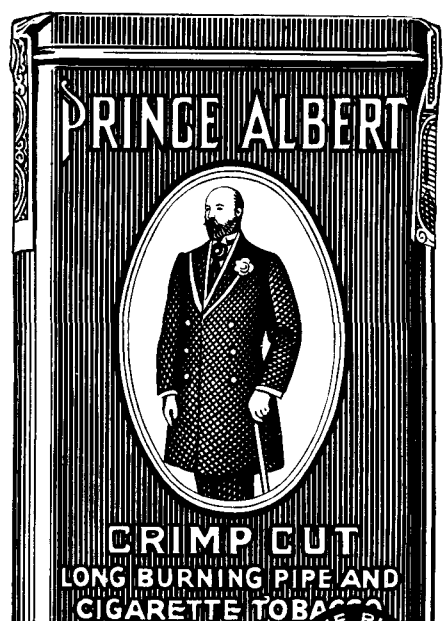


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(Continued from page 29)

"Once or twice," Blair said. "I'm surprised that you should."

"It's all part of a plan. Young Mr. Sutton is trying to forget something unpleasant. Mary helps."

Blair raised his eyebrows. "Lucille? I heard that, of course. But Mary as an antidote—"

"Not that kind of antidote." Sutton broke in. "Hang it, man! I know where I'm going."

"You, yes," said Blair.

"And Mary, too. She's hell-bent for the top of the ladder. That's where she's going."

IT WAS an ideal setup, Sutton thought. Work in the daytime, to keep the mind from wandering. In the evenings—Mary. Mary, and plenty of conversation and no emotions involved. He was getting along famously. Lucille's picture was in the paper—her engagement to Casman was reported—and he looked at it and smiled. "Go ahead and marry him," he said to the picture. "See if I care." But that evening he was out with Mary again.

He prolonged it this time as long as he could. They had dinner, moved on to dance to the best music in town, and ended up, near midnight, in a horse-drawn brougham for a ride around the Park. You could stretch out in a brougham and look up at ten million stars and realize it was June. The cars hummed by you, their tires singing, but you heard only the strangely restful sound of a horse's hoofs.

"I did this once before," he said. "After a Princeton game, I think. I tried to ride the horse. Lord, I never thought I'd be in one of these when I was sober. That's what you've done to me, Mary." His head was thrown back and he was talking to the stars. An expansive, mellow mood was upon him. "You deserve to get what you want," he said suddenly.

She didn't answer at once. Then, "I'm afraid I never will."

He looked at her quickly. "Nonsense! You're stepping fast, my girl. You're doing important work."

She gave a small shrug. "I have a knack, I think."

He fell silent, remembering her as she had been the first day he saw her. A girl at a high window with New York at her feet. The ecstasy in her face. "Why not?" he demanded, turning to her quickly. "Another young American genius comes to the fore! It's happened to other girls. There's the top of *your* ladder, my dear!"

"A long way up," she said, smiling faintly.

He nodded. "A long way. But not out of sight. You need background and training. You need Paris for a while. It'll come. You'll see."

The cab turned out of the Park and drew up at the curb. Sutton helped her out.

She smiled up at him. "Great fun, Ben. Something to remember."

LESTER BLAIR was waiting in his outer office when he returned from lunch a few days later. Sutton welcomed him, wondering a little, and Blair sank into a chair and threw his hat on the desk.

"I saw Mary yesterday," he said.

Sutton smiled. "We seem to alternate. I saw her the day before. We rode through the Park in a brougham. I tell you, Blair, what New York needs is more horses. The trouble with cars—" He ended abruptly. Blair was unsmiling and restless. "Something on your mind?" Sutton asked.

Blair pulled the cigar from his mouth and leaned forward. "Confound you! You're going to hear it. You'll say it's not your fault, but it is. You should have seen it happening."

"Seen what? I don't know what you're talking about."

"Really? Then listen—you're so good at antidotes, suppose you prescribe one for Mary. Did you think she was made of stone?"

Disbelief filled Sutton's eyes. "You're all wrong, Blair," he said angrily. "It isn't like that. Not with Mary."

"Why not with Mary? The girl's alive, isn't she? Very much alive. She's been seeing you a long time."

"It wasn't on that basis."

Blair shook his head impatiently. "It's always on that basis. The rules don't change just because you say so."

Sutton arose and left his desk and stood by the window. "You can't be right," he persisted. "She's never given the slightest sign—"

"Hasn't she? Think back a minute."

The two men faced each other angrily.

ette in the Village. He paid for the cab and sent it away. "Can I come up, Mary?" he said. "I want to talk." He thought, as he said it, of Lucille. Lucille had said just that when she had sent him on his way.

She moved about in the kitchenette, getting coffee started, and he stood over her desk in the outer room, looking down at the pile of half-finished layouts. As she came in he turned to face her. "I've been holding out on you," he said. "I've some news."

SHE settled herself on a divan and looked up at him. "Important news?"

He put it bluntly, without hedging. "I'm going abroad for a year or so."

He looked at her, and then away. What he saw in that instant was not easy to watch. He hurried on. "They've wanted me for a long time to work in

"Wait," he went on. "Let me finish. I know we started out one way. But we can change. You want a chance for success, and I—"

"I know," she broke in quickly. "You warned me."

She stood up and moved away, and his eyes followed her. "Listen, Mary," he said. "It's yes or no and never mind the scene. I told you long ago—"

"I remember. To distrust whoever helps me."

The defiance in her eyes startled him; he felt a twinge of fear. "I'll be ready Tuesday," she said to him. "I'll resign at the store tomorrow."

He watched her steadily. "You're—coming?" he asked slowly.

Her lips formed into a thin smile. "Why not? It's what you taught me to expect. You make the arrangements and I'll be ready. You can phone me tomorrow if there's anything I need to do." He stood close to her now, his eyes searching hers. But she misunderstood his nearness, and stepped back. "We're still under the old rules," she said briefly. "Until Tuesday."

HE WALKED up Fifth Avenue in the rain. At Madison Square the Metropolitan clock was striking midnight. In less than an hour, he thought, this had happened. Again and again he asked himself—why was he blaming her? It was all the familiar formula. He had foretold the way it would go with her the day he had met her. She was looking out for herself, making a good bargain, as he had taught her to do. There was nothing to regret. Nothing. It was, instead, another victory for the male. . . .

He did not phone the next day. Instead, he rang her bell in midafternoon. The room was in disarray; she was beginning to pack, to pile things together. "You should have phoned," she protested. "I have so much to do."

"There are passports to be arranged," he said. "Also some other things."

"Can't they wait?"

He went forward and rested his hands firmly on her shoulders. "Not the other things," he said. "We're going to be married, Mary."

He watched her eyes soften; become alive again with hope. "I'll remember this," she said gently. "This most of all." She laughed suddenly. "But you don't have to marry me. Wait." She moved swiftly to a small table. "Here it is. My ticket home. I bought it this morning. I couldn't have gone with you. I think I knew I couldn't even when I said it. Then, when I realized what you had tried to do—to make me despise you—"

"You'll give up New York?" he interrupted sharply. "Everything here?"

"Everything? There isn't so much, really." She came toward him, smiling again. "Stay and help me pack. The train doesn't leave until six. We'll have time to celebrate your narrow escape—and my return to sanity. You were right a long time ago, Ben. It's much too much of a scramble."

He watched her as she left him. Watched her unload boxes and gowns from the wide closet in the dressing alcove. He made no move to help. Turning, he looked at the long green railroad ticket on the small table. It meant the end of Mary Ames. He fingered it lightly; read the destination that was stamped upon it. For a long time he held it, staring steadily straight ahead. Then, in the quick, decisive way of a man who knows what he's doing and has no doubts, he tore the ticket twice lengthwise and three times across.

Mary turned as she heard him behind her. He held out his arm level with her eyes and she saw, in the palm of his hand, the torn squares of green paper. She raised her eyes slowly, trying to hide her hope, until she saw his smile and was sure.



"Put out your light! Harry's telling us a ghost story!"

LAWRENCE LARIAR

Then Sutton's glance wavered. He was thinking back. Thinking back to a score of trivial things that suddenly took on a new meaning. He saw it clearly enough now. "I'm sorry," he said simply. "I'd give anything if it hadn't happened."

Blair threw out his hands. "And now that it has—"

"Now that it has," Sutton interrupted, "it's up to me, somehow."

He did no more work that day. Alternately he reproached himself bitterly, and defended himself with clear logic. "She wants success," he said finally, "and that's all she wants. This won't last. I won't see her again and she'll forget. That's all I can do!"

IT RAINED the next evening they were together, and there was no ride through the Park. Instead they saw a play. When they came out the rain had settled to a steady slanting drizzle. They breasted the sidewalk current, fought for a taxi, and settled back in silence.

She had moved to her own apartment now—a modest single room and kitchen-

our Paris store. The young man must learn his trade, you know. Today I told them I'd go. I said Tuesday."

It was over. He glanced at her again, then hurriedly found a cigarette, lit it, and inhaled deeply. She was telling him, a little too eagerly, how glad she was. She was wishing him luck, and all the rest. He hardly heard her. He had realized, suddenly, that this wasn't enough. This was Lucille's way—to walk out casually after the damage was done. Something more was needed.

He crossed the room. "You should be with me, Mary," he said. "I'm going to be lonely."

She wasn't getting it yet. She smiled and said, "The helping hand again?"

He sat beside her. "A real help this time. A year in Paris, and you'd get a lot of fresh ideas." He reached for her hand and pressed it. "We'd have each other, and when it's over we could each go our own way again. Do you see?"

Then it came—understanding fighting down disbelief. He had made a good job of it. Her lips parted to speak.

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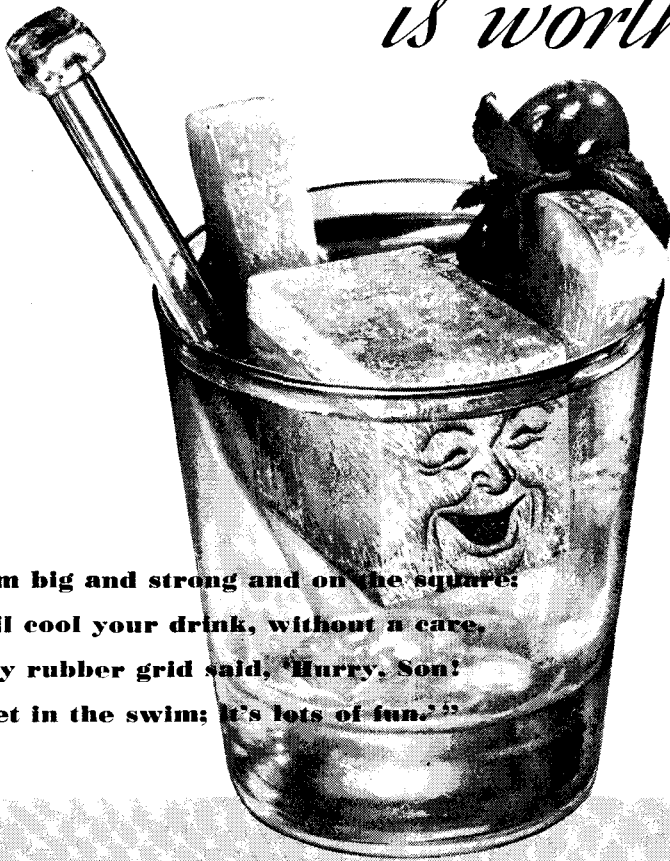
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THE INLAND MANUFACTURING COMPANY, DAYTON, OHIO



Ice Cubes the Modern Way

Beautiful Widow

By Will F. Jenkins

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY

In the shadow of the gallows with Captain Morgan—a romance of a day when swords and love flamed

CAPTAIN MORGAN undoubtedly considered it deplorable that he was to be hanged on the morrow. It was not an unexpected ending to his career, to be sure. He had harried the coasts of the Spanish colonies for a long time now, carrying fire and sword and a zestful treachery through divers rich settlements and solemn compacts of nonaggression. But still, he undoubtedly considered it deplorable that he was at long last to be hanged.

He did not show it, though. He did not even show annoyance at the sound of hammering in the fortress courtyard, where workmen labored on his scaffold. And he had not once cursed the *Donna* Claudia Gonzales de Yznaga, whose delicately written, delicately tinted missives had lured him on shore to be whacked on the head by the governor's soldiers. He sat at ease astride the solitary chair his prison boasted. His head cocked on one side, he looked almost quizzically at the trio who stood before the safely locked, heavily barred door.

Poundings; the heavy, harsh poundings of sledge hammers upon spikes. The scaffold, according to Spanish custom, would be strong enough to hold a hundred men like Captain Morgan. He was merely of middle size, and he was clean-shaven—which was rare among the men of his time—and with hair and eyes as dark as any Spaniard. At the moment, his fine linen shirt was ripped half from his back. His fine laced cloak was gone. Even his breeches were torn from the struggle attending his capture a bare hour since. Yet—with the news of his capture kept secret until rescue would be impossible even to the crew of the *Belle Marie*—yet he looked half-amusedly at the governor of the Port of Cartagena, who stood with a turnkey and the *commandante* of the King's forces before the door.

"Excellency," said Captain Morgan politely, in the lisping Spanish of an aristocrat, "I must ask pardon that I do not offer you a chair. But indeed there is none save this one on which my wrenched leg forces me to rest."

The governor ignored his courtesy. He peered with beady eyes about the interior of the cell. Huge stones made up its walls, each one far too huge to be handled by a single man, even if he managed to scrape away the more than iron-hard Spanish cement which bound them. The cell window was too small to let a man's body pass, and was crisscrossed with bars besides. And the whole front of the cell was a grille of inch-thick bars, welded together. The door was simply untamperable. The cell was proof against escape.

Out in the courtyard the hammering went on. The governor completed his inspection. His beady eyes fixed themselves upon Captain Morgan.

"Be you wizard, as some have said, or merely pirate," he observed in a dry, official voice, "I do not think you will escape this time, *Capitan!*"

Captain Morgan arose and bowed.

"At last a pleasant word!" he observed, "though with a most unpleasant significance. True, Excellency, 'tis a strong cage you've put me in, with no room for tricks nor time for bribery.

Therefore, I do but request that you send a surgeon to tend my wrenched leg. A pardonable vanity requires that I walk to my doom without faltering, even before the poor wretches of the fortress here."

The governor smiled. It was a dry, shrewd, suspicious smile.

"I am not to be tricked as you have tricked other officers of His Majesty."

Captain Morgan shrugged politely.

"Then," he said mildly, "I say no more than that 'tis possible I shall die of thirst ere I am hanged in the morning."

The governor spoke to the turnkey.

"A flagon of wine. And bring pens, ink, and parchment. Let the wine be that which is given to the common prisoners."

Captain Morgan's head tilted a bit more to one side.



"'Twill be strange if an imperious gesture or two doth not win clear egress in your carriage"

"Bad wine, eh? 'Tis petty of you, Excellency!"

The governor smiled a thin smile. He waved his hand.

"I will talk with the prisoner, *Señor Commandante*," he said in a voice as dry as the rustling of parchment. "These pirates love their rum before hanging, and I credit not the tales of wizardry. Do you make sure that no word of his capture escapes the fortress until he is safely hanged."

With magnificent ceremony the *commandante* departed. He had not spoken a word. The clanking of his footsteps down the corridor grew faint. The governor suddenly smiled thinly.

"Now, Master Morgan, it may be we can strike a bargain. She is a likely wench. Not so?"

Captain Morgan blinked. Then he said: "Come now, Excellency! What would I say to that?"

"I refer," said the governor in a dry voice, "to the *Donna Claudia Gonzales de Yznaga*. The lady, *Capitan*, you came ashore to interview."

CAPTAIN MORGAN stared, and then laughed softly.

"Ah!" he said good-humoredly. "Now I comprehend. I've her husband aboard the *Belle Marie*. We plucked him out of a coaster that carried naught else but a bit of good wine."

"It was my wine," said the governor dryly.

"And we've held him for ransom. He was dressed like a popinjay and when

my men made as if to drop him overside he squealed like a stuck pig and pledged vast sums for ransom. A scrofulous, whimpering, blackguardly old crow he is, too."

"He is my cousin," said the governor more dryly still.

"Eh?" Captain Morgan stared, and laughed. "Well, then, Excellency, 'tis only fair to tell you that when my men hear I've been hanged, they'll cut the throats of every prisoner on board the *Belle Marie*. In hanging me, you doom your cousin."

"I am his heir," said the governor, most dryly of all.

Slow, stolid footsteps. The turnkey returning. He brought a flagon of wine, a bottle of ink, and fine goose-quill pens and parchment. He glanced stolidly at the governor, who motioned impatiently. The turnkey knelt and pushed all the separate articles through a small space in the bars, purposely left so that a prisoner could be fed like any other wild beast.

Captain Morgan limped from his chair, picked up the wine and put it to his lips. He made a wry face and spat.

"Damme, 'tis foul stuff!"

The governor waved imperiously for the turnkey to be gone. As his footsteps receded, the governor said tonelessly:

"You may bargain for wine or rum, *Capitan*. You have pens, ink and parchment. It would please me for you to make a writing, with your signature."

Captain Morgan sat down again, ostentatiously favoring the leg on which

he had limped. He made a wry face.

"The wine is foul," he admitted. "One would do much for a draught of something fit for a thirsty throat. What would this document be, Excellency?"

"A statement," said the governor with the thinnest of smiles, "that the *Donna Claudia* hath been your light o' love for long. That she hath sent to you of the coming and going of the King's ships. And that she bade you have the *Belle Marie* capture the ship on which her husband sailed, that she might be rid of him."

CAPTAIN MORGAN shook his head. "Nay! 'Twould make men laugh! The wife of that elderly scoundrel will be such a pock-marked beldame that—"

"The *Donna Claudia*," said the governor in a voice like dry silk rustling, "is not yet twenty. She is esteemed beautiful. She was married to my cousin less than a year ago, an' did she marry any other than myself she would take him a fortune besides herself. . . . I assume, *Capitan*, that my cousin will have his throat slit when news of your hanging reaches your crew. . . . And there was a young man whom she besought her parents to marry her to, ere they chose my cousin for the honor."

Captain Morgan rubbed meditatively at his chin. It was near indeed to sunset, and now the light began swiftly to fade. What light was in the corridor dimmed greatly. Even the faint glow about the cell window faded somewhat. But a reddish glow played about the window

edges. Torches, for the workmen who built the scaffold on which Captain Morgan was to hang.

"Now," said Captain Morgan, and laughed a little, "I can guess why you wish such a document. To press a suit upon your own account, because with my other correspondence it would hang her. Eh? Now, if she be a likely wench I can sympathize, but wenches are costly. What is the price for this gentle perjury?"

"Rum," said the governor dryly. "Enough of rum to drown the terrors which will come upon you as death draws near. Enough so that you will be besotted with rum when men come to hang you. It is pay enough for you."

The darkness, with a tropic suddenness, momentarily increased. Nearly the only light anywhere was the red torch-glow upon the window's edges. Captain Morgan stirred in the darkness.

"I'll think on't, Excellency," he said humorously. "The wine you ha' given me is truly thin and sour! But if I am to write, I'll need at least a rushlight to see by."

"I will send a light," said the governor's dry voice. "And note well, *Capitan*! None but the *Donna Claudia* knows of your capture, beyond the fortress walls. I'll have no efforts by your crew to save you. And the *Donna Claudia* hath begged leave to speak to you in your cell ere you are hanged. I have sent to her to come. She will come—to my private quarters. I desire the document within two hours, to prove to her that any complaint she may make will not be heeded. And if you write it not, *Capitan*, I will have it forged and you, being hanged, will never deny it!"

There was the tiny, womanish clatter of his high heels upon the stone. The governor of Cartagena moved off into the darkness.

INSTANTLY, Captain Morgan was all action. He swarmed to the window, inspecting the stones by the firelight without, the joints, the poured-leadpointing which held the bars immovably in place. He went along the walls, the grille, the floor, feeling feverishly. Then he swarmed back to where he could gaze out the cell window once more. The firelight smote upon his face, keen and questing. His eyes were darker than brown in the ruddy light. They seemed black. They saw the dark gray walls, the stone-paved courtyard, the flaring torches and the fires. They saw, too, the gaunt shape of the scaffold with the projecting arm from which the noose—and Captain Morgan—would dangle in the morning.

But beyond these things he saw the gate through which he had doubtlessly been brought unconscious, and the doorway he must have entered while on the way to his present cell.

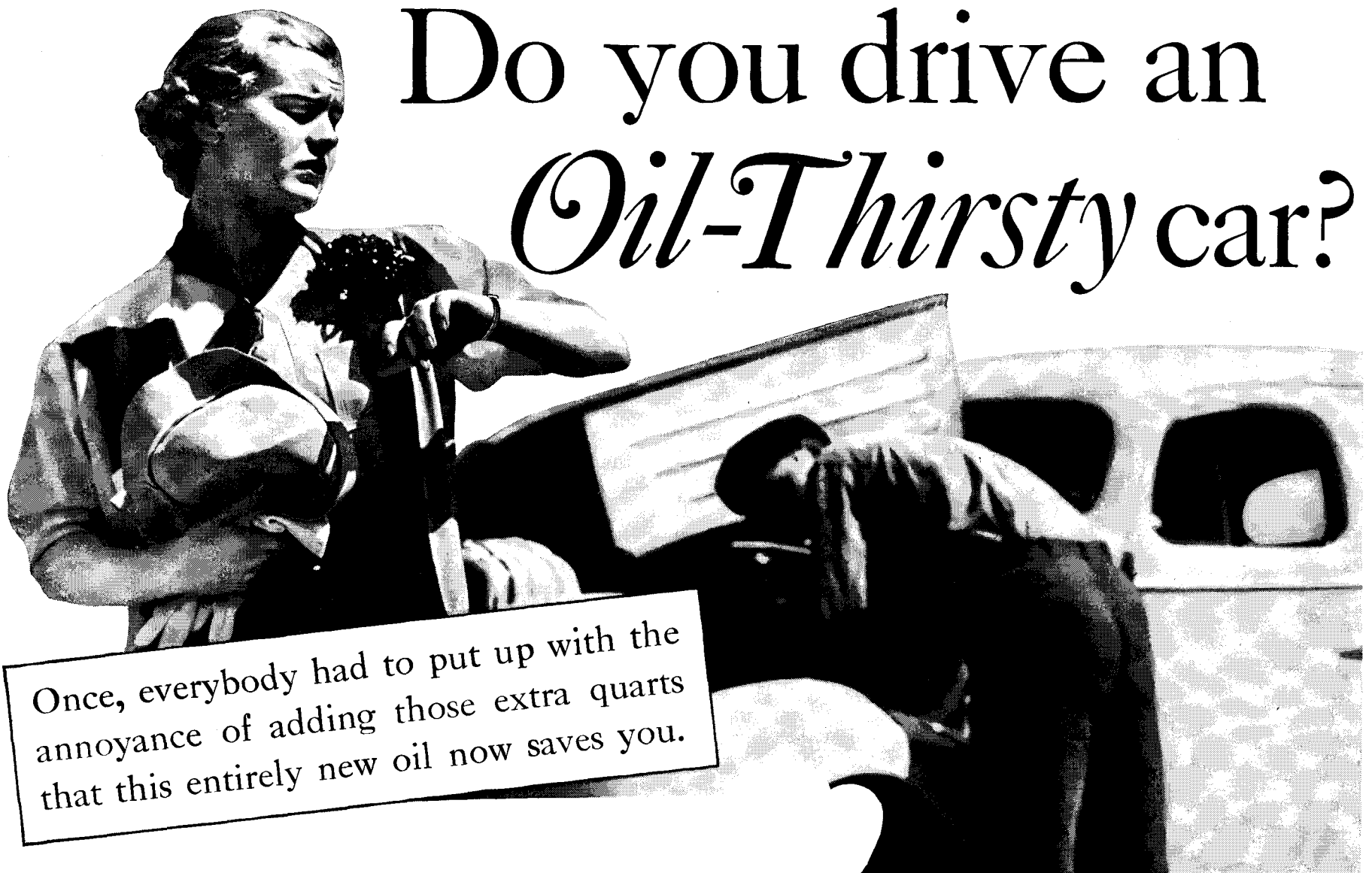
He slipped down to the floor again and paced restlessly up and down, and up and down. There was no trace of a limp in his gait now. Mutterings came from between his lips. "Wizard . . ." A turn back and forth. "Damme, there's not a Don but is frightened of all he doth not understand." Another restless turn. A sudden pause, to listen. "The workmen . . . Another hour mayhap—" Then the cushioned thud of two hands struck lightly together in the darkness. "*By the devil! 'Twill do!*"

Then a sudden cessation of his movements. He seated himself noiselessly. Far away there were heavy footsteps. The first faint, flickering glow of a distant candle. It grew stronger. The turnkey came stolidly into view. He carried a lighted taper in one hand and a horn-glazed lanthorn in the other. He shielded his face from the flame to peer, and saw Captain Morgan's dark eyes glittering at him on the other side of the



The brown figure leaped forward as the governor tugged at his sword, his mouth dropping open

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BIRELEY'S

Orangeade

Beautiful Widow

Continued from page 34

bars. "Light," said the turnkey stolidly, "to write by."

He pushed it through the orifice which had permitted the wine and parchment to pass. Captain Morgan waited until he had picked up the lantern again. He said curtly: "Fellow, I have no tobacco. His Excellency assured me that there would be tobacco to smoke as I wrote what he desired."

The turnkey regarded him indifferently.

"And," said Captain Morgan sternly, "His Excellency hath called me wizard. Of that you will have proof presently! Meanwhile, bring me tobacco!"

Slowly, far back in the turnkey's mind, there came a dull and stolid amusement. After a long time his face creased into a much-seamed grin. He cackled:

"*Si, Señor magico! Si!*"

He thrust a *cigarro* through the bars and cackled again. Captain Morgan limped over and picked it up. He lighted it at the taper. The *cigarro* was of a rankness, an incredible strength which would only be relished by the captive *Indios*.

THE turnkey passed on, still cackling, and Captain Morgan smoked until the flickering glow of the lantern had died. Then he took the monstrous weed from his mouth. And then he became extremely, strangely busy.

He broke off a good bit more than half of the *cigarro*, crumpled it to shreds, and sifted them into the flagon of thin and sour wine. Then he squeezed and stirred the revolting mess with his left hand. From time to time he dipped a finger of his right hand in and looked at it. The wine darkened. Presently it was black. It stained the finger dipped into it.

Captain Morgan ceased his manipulation. He drew out a long lock of his hair—which grew gracefully to his shoulders—and held it above the candle flame, squinting sidewise to watch. There was a reek of burnt hair and he held a severed lock in his fingers.

He stripped himself stark-naked, there in the cell, and rubbed himself all over with the unbelievable mess of wine and soaked tobacco, leaving only his face and neck untouched. Then he sat wholly naked in his cell, shivering and ever and again swearing under his breath, and labored in a most finicky fashion with the severed lock of hair and wax from the taper.

He became dry and once more got into his torn clothing, his nostrils wrinkling at the tobacco-and-sour-wine reek of his body. He paced back and forth in his cage. There was no trace of a limp. Always he listened restlessly, hungrily.

THE slow, heavy footsteps of the turnkey. Captain Morgan swore. Then he heard the raucous squeal of the fortress gates opening. He heard bellows for an officer. And then he heard the clatter of horses' hoofs, and he swarmed up to his window and the red light shone upon his face twisted in a grimace of satisfaction.

A carriage had entered. A lady stepped forth, her face hidden. She went through the somber, forbidding door into the fastnesses of the fortress.

Captain Morgan dropped back.

"Now by the devil!" he swore in a whisper, "five minutes or ten an' I'll ha' me out of this filthy den!"

The slow, deliberate footsteps of the turnkey drew nearer. Captain Morgan hastily picked up the remaining fragment of the unspeakable *cigarro*. He was puffing upon it when the glare of the turnkey's lantern appeared.

Captain Morgan turned glittering eyes upon the fellow.

"Wait!" he commanded. "I prepare the document for the *Señor Commandante*. Do you wait and bear it to him."

The document had been desired by the governor. And Captain Morgan dipped a goose quill and wrote. He made it a lengthy business.

"His Excellency," he said dryly, "hath called me wizard. Take that to the *commandante*, fool, and learn what a wizard I am!"

The turnkey went slip-slopping off into the darkness.

Behind him, the taper in Captain Morgan's cell went out abruptly. The smell of foul tobacco and sour wine strengthened. A little later the spark which was the lighted end of the *cigarro* came out through the bars and, with a jerk, went arcing through the air to fall four yards down the corridor. A little later still there was a curious, muffled "thump!" and a muttered curse after it. Then silence once more.

That silence held. Then sudden shoutings. The pounding of many feet. Torchlight. By the shadows, it was not one torch but many. The sounds, the confusion, became a hubbub which rushed ever closer and suddenly was swarming soldiers—a full two dozen of them—and the magnificently panoplied *commandante* of the King's forces.

The torches waved and smoked and flared. They showed the crisscrossed bars of the cell. Someone thrust a torch close, and a scream of terror broke out. And the torchlight showed a figure within the cell which was not the aristocratic, the scornful, the elegant if tattered, Captain Morgan. Staring in wide-eyed, utterly lunatic terror was another figure entirely.

This was a brown-skinned man, at least three-quarters Indian, with a great rasped cut across his forehead from which blood trickled across his face and

into an absurd mustachio. He was nearly naked and past bewilderment through terror. He babbled prayers and terrified invocations to all the saints in mounting, incoherent hysteria. His speech was barbarous and uncouth; barely intelligible to the stately *commandante*. But enough was lucid to show that this man did not know how he had come to be in this place. He could understand his whereabouts only by assuming that he was dead and in hell, and that the armed figures with their torches were devils come to drag him to eternal torments.

THE soldiers and the turnkey and the stately *commandante* stared at him in stupefaction. This was not Captain Morgan. This man was brown, where Captain Morgan had been white. This man was nearly naked, where Captain Morgan had been clothed. This man was mustachioed, where Captain Morgan had been clean-shaven. This man gibbered and screamed in horror where Captain Morgan has been composed.

Captain Morgan was gone. There were his clothes, neatly hung upon the solitary chair the cell contained. There was the butt of the *cigarro* the turnkey had given him, half a dozen yards down the corridor. There was, in the hands of the *commandante*, a parchment scroll on which Captain Morgan had written, with many flourishes, a florid, ironic apology for his inability to remain and be hanged in the morning, but saying that since it was a pity that so fine a gibbet should be wasted, he left someone in his place who could doubtless be hanged to the satisfaction of all concerned.

The *commandante* crossed himself. He gave orders. The door creaked back. The brown-skinned man within the cell opened his mouth to scream and no sound at all came out of it. He fought with feeble, paralytic gestures when soldiers laid hands upon him.

They searched the cell. Nothing. The



"Oh, Mom, look what I found!"

JOSEPH EASLEY

flagon of wine was empty and wiped out with straw. Nothing save the discarded garments Captain Morgan had left behind him—having doubtless clothed himself in those of this *peon* as a disguise. It was the only item in the whole escape which did not savor of black magic.

The *commandante*, in a shaken voice, framed the orders based upon that one comforting fact. Four soldiers to remain in the cell. Six others to go here, to go there, to search and to alarm. Two to take this strange prisoner to the governor, interrupting His Excellency at all costs to report Captain Morgan's escape and present this man for questioning. He, the *commandante*, would go and double all guards, illuminate every square inch of the outer walls, and take every human precaution. . . .

Tumult traveled swiftly through the fortress. Drums beat and soldiers ran here and there. Two of them dragged a clawing, gibbering figure to the antechamber of the governor's private apartments and battered upon the inner door and then—because of the urgency of their orders—forced their way within to present their prisoner and their incredible news.

The governor turned upon them, raging. He had been much occupied. There was a lady in the room, her face a deathly white and with her gown torn as if in an improbable, just interrupted struggle. At the entry of the soldiers she cried out, choking, for them to aid her *para el amor de Dios*. . . .

But the soldiers babbled to the governor, almost as afraid as the incoherent, glassy-eyed figure between them. Yet as the governor, in his turn, mouthed his fury and his rage, the limp brown figure moved very suddenly and swiftly.

This room was grand and stately indeed, despite the indecorum of the scene the soldiers had interrupted. There was a massive carved *armoire* against a wall hard by the door. It hung beneath a somber but magnificent tapestry which depended from the ceiling. Upon the *armoire* stood two great silver candlesticks in which burned an even dozen of candles apiece.

The brown figure, wailing, staggered back against that *armoire*. But then its lean brown arms reached out—and candles spilled crazily. The figure leaped like a catamount. The twin candlesticks struck almost together, and the soldiers dropped like poleaxed oxen.

And then the brown figure wrenched at a falling man's side and leaped forward as the governor tugged at his sword, his mouth dropping open. But he never cried out. The brown man spitted him neatly through the throat.

THERE was then a strange silence. The girl in the torn gown, her face chalk-white, stared at the horrible apparition which had slain three men before her eyes and now eyed her meditatively, its sword point resting on the floor.

"*Donna Claudia*," said the brown figure, incongruously in the accents of an aristocrat, "from appearances I think you would be glad to leave the fortress. An' you'll permit me, I will escort you."

The girl—and she was very beautiful—spoke through stiffened lips. Her hands shook.

"I know you not, *Señor*," she said desperately, "but—but I would accept aid of the devil to escape from here now!"

The brown figure bowed profoundly.

"Very nearly the devil, *Donna Claudia*. Despite the reek of tobacco and wine about me—which accounts for my complexion—I am Captain Morgan, and we had a business matter to settle. I'll put on the governor's clothes and pull his hat down over my eyes. 'Twill be strange if an imperious gesture or two doth not win clear egress from the fortress in your carriage. Then we'll ha' our business conversation."

He bent over the prone figure of the governor and began to unfasten its cloak.

And later—perhaps a quarter of an hour, perhaps a half—he plucked away a mustache made of a burned-off curl and wax from a prison candle. He flung it out the coach window. The horses clip-clopped upon the cobbled stone of one of the principal streets of Cartagena.

"And so, to business," said Captain Morgan briskly. "We are well out of that affair. Your letters, I take it, were not merely lures to bring me into the governor's hands?"

"*Dios, no!*" said the girl unsteadily. "You—hold my husband prisoner. I—agreed to pay the ransom you demanded. An hundred thousand pieces of eight."

Captain Morgan said:

"'Tis all agreed. But indeed I know not why you want back so old, so scrofulous, so devilish unpleasant an old crow of a husband. You are not yet twenty-one, and he's not less than sixty. But since you wish it so and will pay the price, why—by this time tomorrow you should be clasped in his arms again."

THE girl said nothing, but he felt her shudder in the seat beside him.

"I—I wished," said the girl drearily, "only to ask your word of honor that my—husband truly lives. There was—one who said that you take few prisoners, but might accept ransom for a man already dead. I—thought I would know if I saw your face."

Captain Morgan said shrewdly:

"Hm . . . The one who said that is a young man whom you once tearfully begged your parents to give you to, in marriage."

The girl cried despairingly:

"How did you know?"

Captain Morgan laughed.

"*Señor—Señor—*" Then she said in a strained voice. "Is—my husband yet alive? If he be alive I will pay his ransom. I—I will do it. It is—my duty. But—is he alive? Upon your honor?"

Captain Morgan reached forward and tapped the coachman upon the shoulder. He gruffly ordered the man to stop.

"*Donna Claudia*," he said dryly, "the gentleman was a scrofulous, whining, pestilential bore. Yet I endured him because he should ha' been worth a pretty ransom. And because he was a gentleman I invited him to my cabin to drink and dice with me. And, *Donna Claudia*, he cheated at dice. So I pistolled him."

He opened the carriage door and stepped out. He made a very pretty bow with his hand on his sword.

"'Tis the devil," he observed, "to be a gentleman. It hath cost me a pretty penny."

Half an hour later, Captain Morgan stepped out of the darkness where his boat's crew had already waited four hours for him. He took his place in the stern sheets. Without a word, the oars dipped and the boat sped silently out into the black night of the harbor. But the bos'n of the *Belle Marie* sniffed once, and twice, and sniffed again. Well out from shore he said sourly:

"Captain Morgan, 'tis a strange stink upon the new clothes you wear."

"Aye," said Captain Morgan tranquilly. "Bad wine and worse tobacco, Hal. . . . But we ha' a prisoner on the *Belle Marie*. *Don Alcanzar Gonzales*. You remember him? The scrofulous old crow who whines and threatens and cheats at dice?"

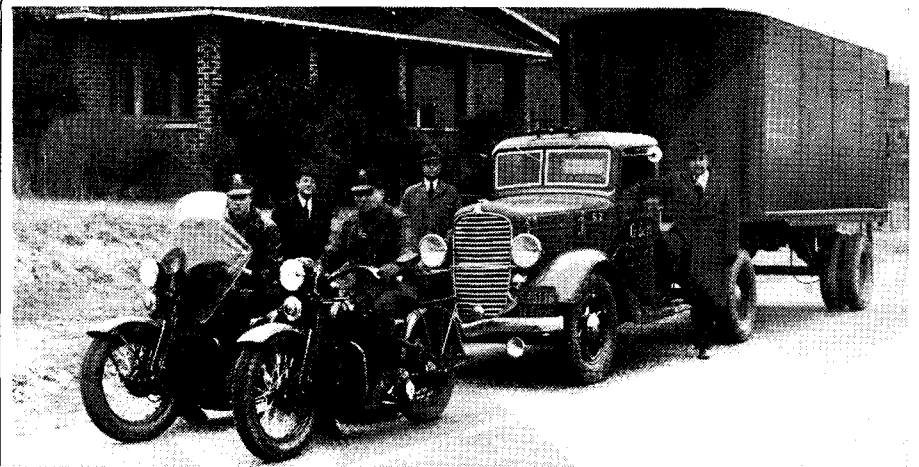
"Aye," growled the bos'n. "I remember."

"Remind me," said Captain Morgan, "to hang him i' the morning."

The bos'n grunted disapprovingly.

"'Tis bad business. He's rich. His ransom would—"

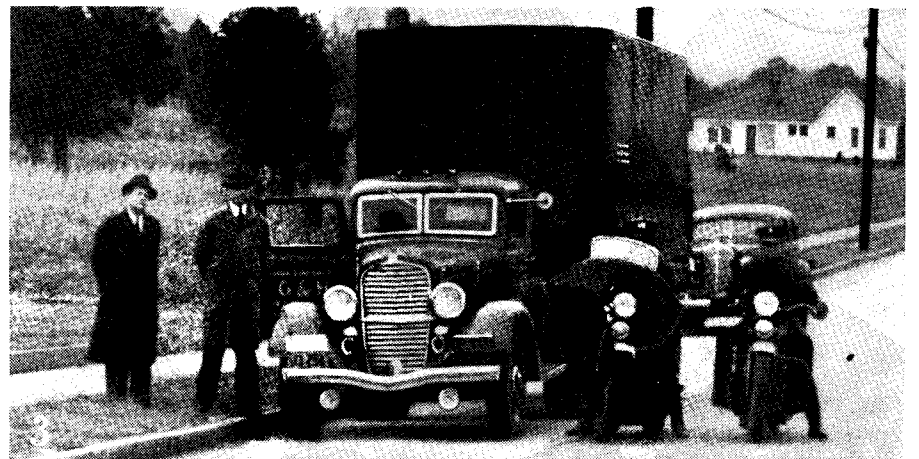
"Aye. But I do it not for business." Captain Morgan yawned. "I do it out of charity. See to't 'tis not forgotten."



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Under Your Own Power

Continued from page 11

"Cars, me eye," she replied, grimly pumping ahead and keeping her eyes peeled for danger. "I'm afraid of bicycles."

But it was all very pleasant after the rain stopped and the first pain wore off. There was a nice house halfway out to Lake Buel, where you could get hot dogs and sandwiches and coffee and cake, the latter being particularly magnificent and coming at the rate of five cents for a handsome piece. It was in this section, too, that the good scenery began—a fast mountain stream, mossy banks and thou, if you happened either to bring her along or met her as a fellow cyclist.

The girls did most of the fancy dressing, with the most popular and—take a man's word for it—unattractive costume being the culotte divided in the middle like pants and yet not pants, being also a combination of skirt and pajamas. Some of the younger girls wore shorts, but unless the legs are handsome, perhaps the culotte is as well. Others did what they could with skirts, showing a trace of knee if the garment was too tight.

The guys looked pretty bad. There were a few in knickers, which were sensible, but the others had long trousers and had forgotten, of course, to get clips to hold the pants legs. After being threatened with ruin by being thrown over the handle bars, they either wrapped string around their trousers or tucked them into their socks. . . . You know, pulling the socks up around the bottom of the pants. Horrible.

At first blush the thing sounds like a promotion gag; but in truth the furor about cycling has arisen naturally and the special clothes for it and the tie-up between stores, railroads and manufacturers are merely a matter of cashing in on a natural phenomenon. It may all have started in Bermuda, where the tourists have been terrifying the natives for years. The Bermudians either cycle, ride slowly behind a nag or walk. The tourists have considered this excellent, only finding out later that the English bikes weigh a ton and have brakes on the handle bars which will precipitate you on your nose upon attempting to stop abruptly.

Back to the Land

Young Peckham, finding himself broke when a freshman at the University of Southern California, conceived the idea of renting bicycles at Palm Springs, the resort in the desert near Los Angeles which is frequented by screen stars and others of large incomes. The attempt was so successful that bicycle-renting stands began popping up on every corner of Hollywood Boulevard. Peckham continued the thing when he returned to his home in Cleveland and now operates three hundred bicycles in that town. While he is in New York, the business is being carried on by his mother.

So the city folk were lugging themselves over the landscape. The tough-looking birds who had brought their own wheels and obviously knew the sport from way back were belling it along with their heads down, seeing neither tree, mossy bank nor other cyclists. They were out to cover miles and not even the hills stopped them. A lady with a torn stocking and a skinned leg came along. "I was coasting down a hill, saw a car coming up and lost my nerve," she explained. "So I ran across the road in front of the car."

"What happened?"

"Nothing much to me, but the woman

driving the car fainted and they had to revive her."

The fact seems to be that cycling, temporarily at least, is back. There were cycling trains in the old days and an official of the Long Island railroad has been telling us of the excursions they used to run about thirty-five years ago, with bicycles hanging from hooks in the baggage car and the coaches filled with New Yorkers anxious to get into fresh air. The principal problem is going to be to get roads where the cyclists can traipse along without danger. They have a little spot roped off in Central Park, New York, where you can go three blocks one way and then return, but that doesn't constitute sport on the major scale. In Chicago there are bicycle-renting stands on every empty lot—"bikes rented—25 cents an hour"—and there is no question that the thing has caught on.

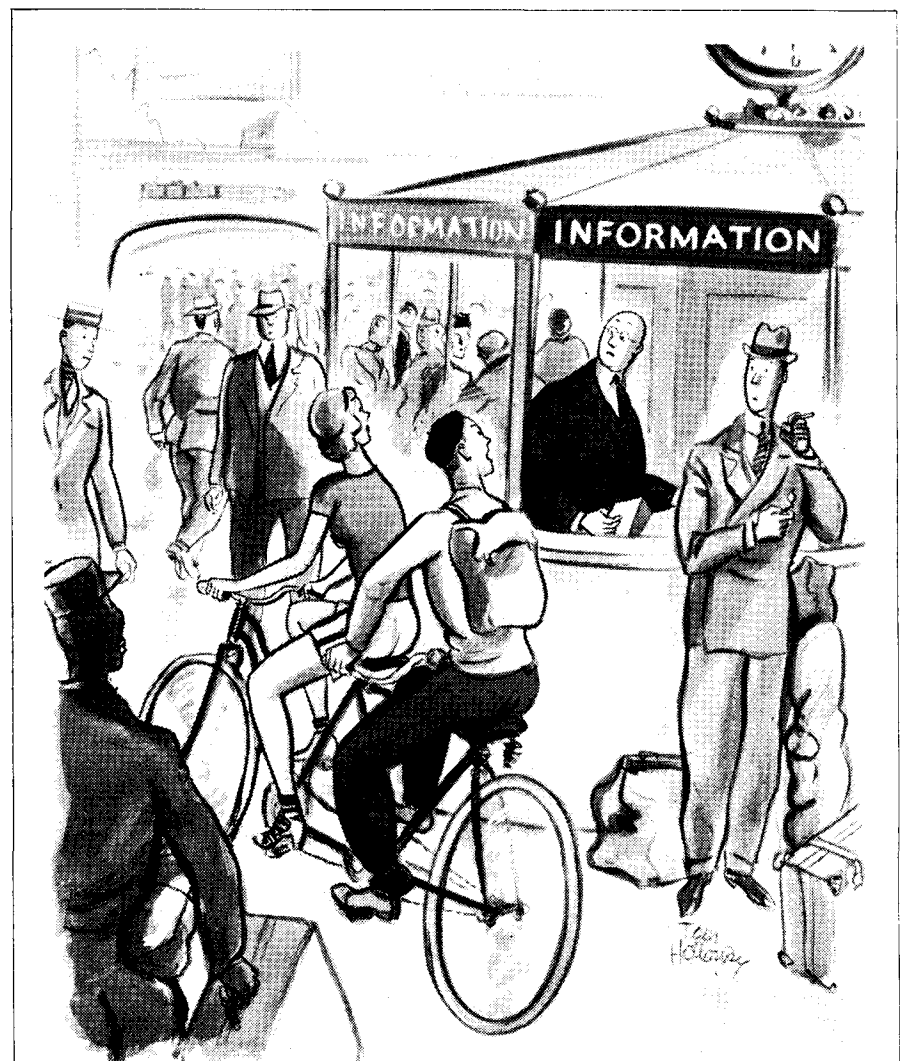
Rules of the Road

There have been "hike-bike" trains run by the Boston and Maine and the Missouri Pacific and agitation is increasing for the protection of motorists. The best situation now exists in Washington, D. C., where there are special roads for cyclists, and a similar plan is being worked out for Detroit. Perhaps the best possible development is the use of the shoulders of motor roads for cyclists and hikers. With hard-surfacing of such strips on either side of motor highways, the bike pumpers can be reasonably sure of avoiding suicide.

Realizing the advantages of cycling as a pastime for all, I have worked out a few paragraphs of advice:

1. Liniment is very good.
2. Slap all little boys who ride "no hands" and seek to embarrass you.
3. Take a rest.
4. Have your tires well pumped up.
5. Adjust the seat properly to the length of your legs.
6. Don't worry about your costume.
7. Take a rest.
8. Remember your age.
9. All lady cyclists who wear silk stockings are fools.
10. Unescorted lady cyclists should not speak to strangers unless they are handsome.
11. Walk, don't ride, up the nearest hill.
12. Sit down.
13. Rub legs well after using.
14. No matter what sort of bike seat they invented, on the first trip it would seem all the same.
15. The first half mile will almost kill you.
16. The last half mile will certainly do it.
17. Lie down and send for somebody.
18. Nobody wants to listen to your stories.
19. The ache will go away.
20. Eventually.

As you may surmise, this is all a bit exaggerated for, in truth, cycling is great sport. It's true that you feel it when you dash out after not being on a bike for twenty years, but after the first effect wears off, there is nothing to beat it. The secret would be restraint and a sensible desire not to make mileage but to get to a good spot and enjoy the day. If you do that you're apt to have the time of your life.



"What track is the 'Cyclist Special' on?"

TOM HOLLOWAY

Wrong Number

Continued from page 20

coloring. "You're a golden girl," he said; and for the first time in her life Kay was conscious of her heart beating.

They had dinner together. That was another fact. And the things he said to her were facts. Or were they only the words of a poet hungry for life after a long period of work and want and loneliness? "I think we've found what most people spend their lives looking for. . . . This is the beginning of a miracle, Kay." And when she said with a shaky laugh: "Oh, no! It couldn't happen like this. Not now. Not to me!" he said: "But you know what I mean. You know I'm already in love with you. And you, Kay? Tell me honestly, my dear, my—darling."

Then she told him, as briefly and bluntly as she could, disdaining gentleness, that she was going to marry Richard Carleton. He was silent when she had finished, so silent that she cried almost angrily: "Don't you hear what I'm saying?"

He nodded his head. "I hear. I understand. But somehow it doesn't make sense."

Kay said: "It does to me." And then: "Please, I'd like to go home."

He did not speak again till they got out of the cab in front of her apartment house. Then, standing there on the sidewalk, he took her hands and said: "It still doesn't make sense. I can't believe it happened for nothing. I'm going to call you in the morning. You're in the book, aren't you?"

"Yes, I'm in the book," Kay said. "But don't call me. I don't want you to. Besides, I won't be here tomorrow," she improvised desperately.

"You're going away with Carleton?"

"Yes," she lied.

"Then this is goodbye?"

"Hail and farewell," Kay said, and turned and hurried into the brightness of the apartment-house entrance.

So those were the facts. And now—?

THE telephone rang in the living-room. Kay gave her image in the mirror one startled look, then rose and walked toward that shrilling, fateful sound. It couldn't be Richard. He was not to call till noon. Then could it be—could it possibly be—?

Her brain said no. The voice of her brain said: "Don't be a fool. He won't call. You told him not to. It's over; it's finished; it was all a dream anyway. Don't be a fool!" But deep in the wilderness of her body another voice cried: "It's he!" And suddenly she was praying silently, fiercely: "Oh, God, let it be Bruce who's calling me; let it be his voice on the phone. Oh, dear God, please—"

She reached the telephone table and picked up the receiver. Her hand was shaking. Her voice sounded strange as she said "Hello."

There was no answer. She said again, breathlessly: "Hello! Hello!" Then a man's voice—a thick, gruff, maddeningly stupid voice said: "Hello. Is this the drugstore?"

For a moment, Kay could not move or speak. Then she cried furiously: "You have the wrong number!" and banged down the phone.

She sat down in a chair by the telephone stand and cried. She sat upright, her hands gripping the arms of the chair, and cried as she had not cried since the day of her mother's death. But after a while the tears ceased and her mind began to function again. There was a new issue to be faced, a new decision to be made—or rather, an old decision that must now be considered anew.

Simply, it was this. *She had wanted Bruce Stafford to call her.*

It was beyond reason, beyond logic, beyond mental comprehension, but it was also profoundly and flamingly true. It would be, she knew, a physical impossibility to say "Yes" to Richard now.

Then why wait for him to call her? Why postpone the inevitable? With a sense of fatalistic calm, she reached for the telephone and called Richard.

Five minutes later she was in the kitchen, mechanically preparing her breakfast of orange juice, toast and coffee. She would never be Mrs. Richard Carleton now. She had broken with Richard completely, finally. How much else of the former pattern of her life had been destroyed during that brief telephone conversation she did not stop to think. She knew only that she must go on with the business of living, with eating and sleeping and working and—

THE doorbell rang. She put down her coffee cup and went to answer it. There was no prayer on her lips now, no hope in her heart.

So it was utterly incomprehensible, utterly fantastic and incredible, when she opened the door, to see Bruce Stafford standing there.

"It doesn't make sense," Kay Lathrop said faintly.

He laughed and stepped into the hall. "You lied to me last night, didn't you?"

"Lied to you?"

"You said that you were going away on a trip with Carleton."

"Oh!" Kay said; then slowly: "Yes, I lied to you. But it doesn't matter. I'm not going away with him. I'm not going to marry him. I called him just now and told him so."

"Kay!"

She turned and walked blindly into the living-room. He followed her. Suddenly she turned and faced him. "It's all your fault," she cried, wildly. "If you'd called me as you said you would, it wouldn't have happened. I wouldn't have had to break with Richard, and probably wreck my life, and—"

"But I— You told me *not* to call you."

"I know I did. But I thought you'd do it anyway. And—I mean—if you had called I could have coped with you. I could have managed you over the telephone; I could have sent you off to Hollywood and forgotten you. Yes, I could have stood hearing your voice, but I—can't—stand—seeing—you!"

He took a great stride forward, caught her in his arms and held her close.

"Darling," he said. "It just goes to show how inspired I was this morning. Because I *did* telephone you."

"You—what? You telephoned—me?"

"Yes, and you answered. It was when I heard your voice that I had my inspiration. I knew—I had a feeling—that if I told you who I was you *would* send me off to Hollywood and forget me. And, after all, what I really wanted to know was whether you were at home."

"But Bruce! I don't understand—"

"I disguised my voice. I said: 'Hello, is this the drugstore?' And you said: 'You have the wrong number,' and slammed down the phone. You sounded furious."

"Furious!" exclaimed Kay. "I was raging. I—" She stopped and looked indignantly up at him. "Do you think that was a nice trick to play on a girl? Do you?"

"Well, it worked," said Bruce.

Then they both began to laugh, and after a while he kissed her, and after that they sat down on Kay's couch, in great peace and contentment, to get acquainted.

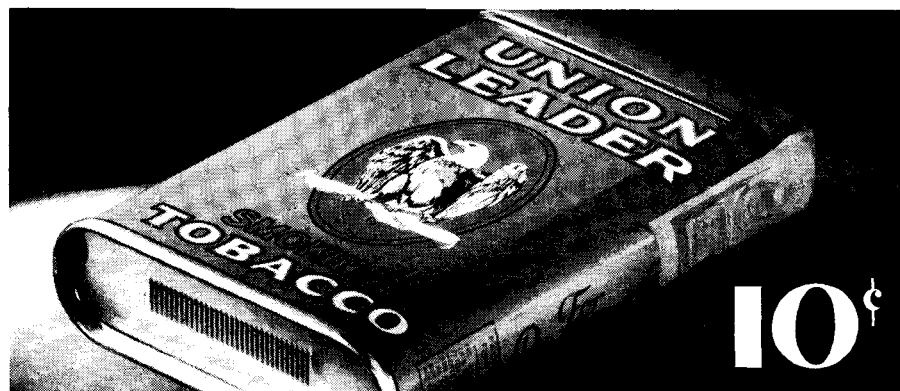


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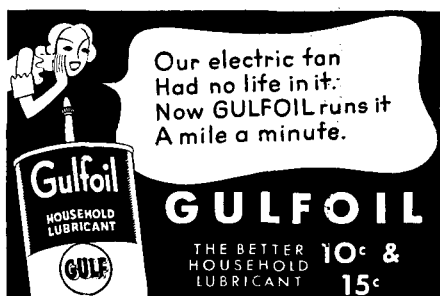
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couldn't help them; all he wanted was to be away from there, never to see them again. To get back to his laboratory and work until he dropped. Back to his laboratory where no one could reach him, neither Celia nor any other torments. "I must give a hand," he thought. And his hatred and jealousy fought within him. Jealousy! Admitting that he was desperately, furiously jealous was, somehow, a great help; it released him.

"Well, I'll try to settle this Gallo matter," he thought, "and that will be all—"

He looked up at Celia. It was the first time he had looked straight at her since he came in. He had to look at her straight to decide whether he hated her as much as he did Daklin. He thought he would find that she looked cheap, that she was no good, that she belonged now and later to the tabloids. And he couldn't find that. He could see nothing in her face but what he had always seen, strength and youth and loveliness. He saw her in the wards, capable and fine; in the operating-room, quicker and more intuitive than any nurse he had ever known; he heard her voice that night of her graduation: "I want to see things, to do things, to find out for myself. . . . I want the beauty of life. . . ." It seemed that she was saying that to him now, he could actually hear her saying it. "I can't, Celia," he was saying inside himself. "I can't do anything more."

But he had to help. He had to do the decent thing.

He said aloud, "Mrs. Gallo thinks she killed someone. She told me so when I came in. What she will do, I think, is to go to her priest." He was sure of that; he knew Italians; he had worked among them long enough. He said, "Is Gallo—has he been released?"

Daklin nodded. "Yes, this evening. LeMarr, like a little gentleman, insists he stabbed himself. So the police have nothing on Gallo."

Starr said to Betty, "See if he has a telephone, Betty." He paid no further attention to Celia, putting her out of his life, having, one would think, no further use for Celia Landis.

"Pietro is his first name," Celia said, her gaze fixed on nothing. So that was how it was? That was how Starr wanted it?

BETTY found the number, she reached Gallo. His wife, he said dully, was not there. Starr said, "Let me have it," and he talked to the pianist.

Daklin opened his eyes and watched Celia. You could not tell what he was thinking. You never could. Celia did not look in his direction. In that moment it came to Daklin that he had lost her; there would be no trip to Paris. Or would there? He listened to Starr; he watched Starr's grim face. "Yes," Daklin's arrogant smile said, "there will be." And still he had lost her. Women! Unable to accept the scheme of things as they found it, setting themselves to satisfy the conventional human ambitions—wealth, luxury, love, and always looking backward, wanting something else as well. What did she want of Starr? It was not in Daklin's nature to tolerate the idea of the possibility of there being another mode of success worth while. What Starr could offer her was not the world Celia's beauty had given her the power to conquer. What she was looking for was life on a silver platter. Starr would not give her that if he could. Yes, Celia would go to Paris. Daklin relaxed.

He said, "Celia, may I have a glass of water, please?"

Celia brought the water, she raised his head dexterously and he drank. His hand

The Prodigal Nurse

Continued from page 17

pressed her arm—his woman! Celia put his head back on the pillow and their eyes met; his were mocking again and confident. He did not seem to care whether she knew what she was doing or where she was going or what. Daklin knew. No necessity to argue now, even in silence; he was not to be got rid of, and for a man who could put work above and before a woman. . . . He listened to Starr, a slight smile on his lips.

Starr was telling Gallo what to say to his wife when he saw her. Daklin grinned. Starr was doing a good job of washing Mr. Gallo's soiled linen. You wouldn't think he had it in him. "And your priest?" Starr was asking now. "How can I reach him?"

HE HUNG up and called another number. "Father Kelly? This is Dr. Starr speaking. Dr. Anthony Starr. There has been a slight accident to—a patient of mine, and I wanted to tell you that it is not serious. . . ." He listened a minute. "Then she is there with you? . . . No, no one has been killed. . . . She must be having hallucinations. . . ." He laughed, with a grim humor. "Yes, I think it would be best if she went home to her husband. Thank you, Father."

Daklin said, "Nice work, Starr. The country's saved."

Starr said, "Feel up to going home now, Daklin?" And, as Daklin put his long legs over the edge of the bed, "Good. Is your car here?"

"No, thank the Lord."

"Then I'll drop you off in a taxi." He adjusted a sling for the other man, got him into his shirt, arranged collar and tie, flung his topcoat over his shoulders, concealing the sling. "How's that?" he asked, when he had finished.

"Well," said Daklin eying the finished product in the mirror, "if ever I saw a picture of a man being taken home after a rough party, I'd say it was that. If you'll put that silk hat sort of crooked on the back of my head—"

Starr did so. "Thanks," said Daklin dryly.

As they went out the door, he wavered slightly, not from any thespian urge, but because his legs felt weak as water. Starr's hand steadied him. Starr's detachment was not feigned. The thing important now was to get Daklin home without undue attention from anyone, away from there.

Betty went ahead and opened the corridor door, rang the lift bell. "The elevator boy is as dumb as they come," she said. "He won't know the difference."

Celia had stood a minute, silent. Now she appeared in the corridor. They were going out together. It seemed to her impossible, that combination, Starr and Daklin going off together. She said, "I hope you will be all right, Mr. Daklin." He raised his good hand to his hat. "I shall."

The elevator appeared, opened and waited. "Good night," said the men, "and thanks for the party."

It couldn't be possible that they were going like that. That Starr would not have one kind word to say. She waited, watching that inscrutable face. He had come there as a doctor but she gave him small credit for that. What had roused this feeling in her, this wild sense of joy and gratitude was that he had not stopped there. The ethics of his profession had made it inevitable that he treat Daklin's arm, but only as Anthony Starr, the man, had he made common cause with them in a crisis. Common cause with the man whom he had no reason to like and with a girl whom he had come to despise.

"There is no one like him, no one," Celia thought. "There never will be."

In that second she contrasted the two men. Daklin was much the handsomer, yet even in the physical comparison Starr had the advantage. He looked as if he amounted to a great deal, as if he understood men and things as the other could not. Starr had the quiet strength which flows on like a great river, while Daklin's was a fire fed ceaselessly by his nerves and by his capacity for tasting life. That was the difference between them—Daklin savored life, was an epicure of it, while Starr lived it and gave life to others. Daklin the destroyer and Starr the healer and giver. Celia knew then that she loved him, that all she had been doing since the beginning was fighting that love, denying it to herself. And he was denying her now. Justly was he loathing her. She watched those two men who had entered her life—you could not imagine either of them failing of a purpose he had set his heart upon and yet there was never a man who insisted less upon himself than did Starr.

And he was going. Out of her life. Celia said, "Dr. Starr!" He gave her not a glance. She said, "Tony!"

Starr, turning his head, said, "Yes?" "Shall I—shall we be seeing you again?"

The lift boy waited, bored and half-asleep, paying them no attention whatever. Daklin was smiling queerly. Starr glanced back at her and his eyes, usually so blue, looked as if someone had dropped gray ice into them.

"Why, I don't imagine so," he said pleasantly. "Good night."

Betty said nothing. She was that rarest of women, one who can say nothing. She followed Celia back into their rooms, she locked the door and put out the lights in the living-room.

When she went into their bedroom she said quietly, "Don't cry, Celia. What good does crying do? You are exhausted and no wonder. I'm going to make you a cup of cocoa."

"I'd like some brandy."

"Well, you won't get it." She went into the kitchenette. She came back with cocoa and a white tablet. "A sedative," she said. "I found some put away. My mother used to take them sometimes." She watched Celia take the tablet melted in a little water. "Now the cocoa."

"I really can't."

"Go on." So Celia drank the cocoa. Betty was brushing her hair. "Where does Dr. Starr work? The Chalmers Institute?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Just wondered. I think I shall fall sick sometime soon. Bill had better watch his step."

"He's a good doctor," remarked Celia tonelessly. "The best I've ever known."

BETTY was slow about preparing for bed. When at last Celia was asleep she moved over and looked down at her. It wasn't so much Celia's looks she was thinking of, for in Betty's circle beauty was a drug on the market. But this girl had character, this Celia. She was as straight as they come. Betty was thinking of Daklin and she swore softly to herself and felt better at once. Betty had kept out of the muck and she knew it wasn't easy. A girl alone—

After a while she slipped softly out of the room, closed the door gently behind her and felt her way to the desk. She switched on a lamp, twisted the top off her fountain pen, screwed it on the other end and sat, gazing at the gold tip, thinking. Presently she began to write. She

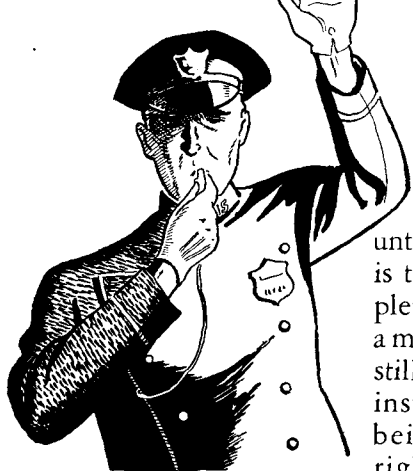
(Continued on page 42)

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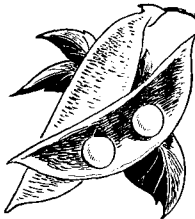


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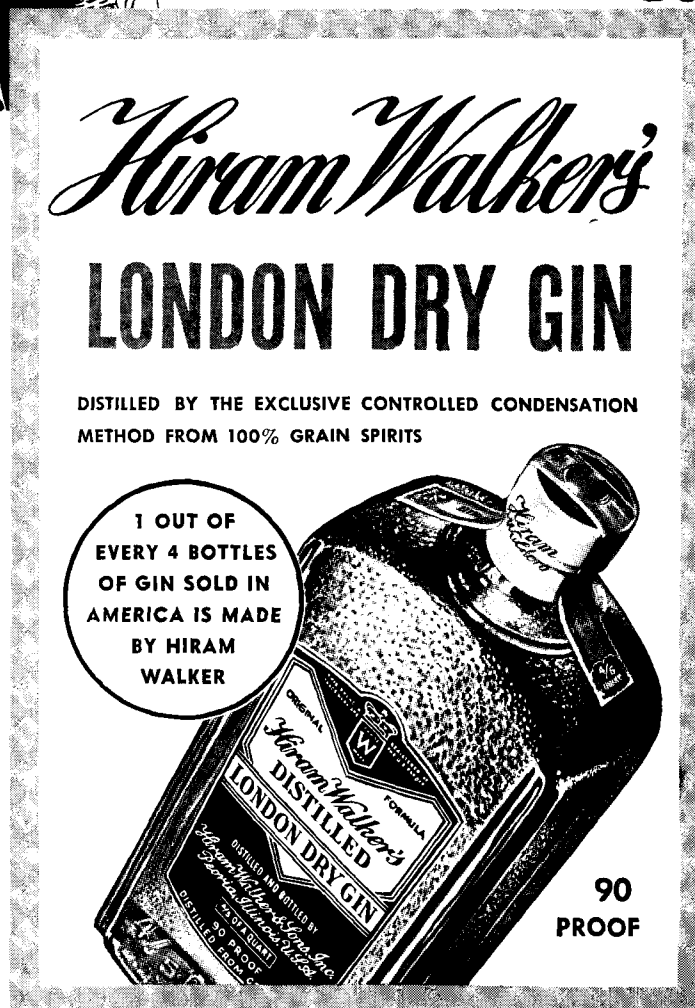


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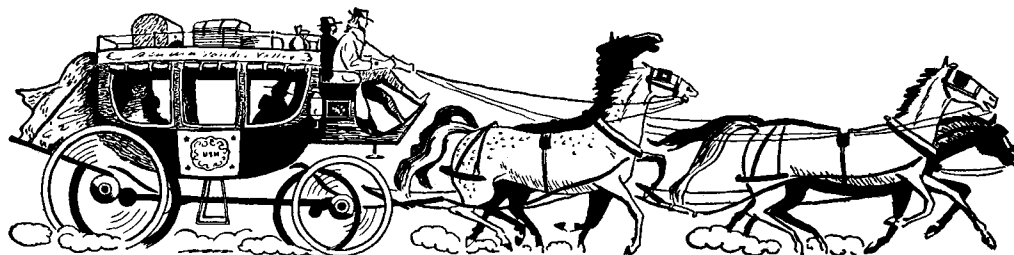
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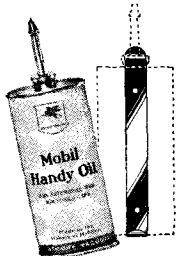
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The Prodigal Nurse

Continued from page 40

tore up a few samples and finally had a note ready. Surreptitiously she opened the hall door, slid down to the mail chute and dropped her letter within. She saw it flash down the glass panel with a whirl like wings.

"Meddler," she told herself. But she felt better. She had done the best she could. She knew with certainty that Celia loved Starr.

Firmly she closed the door behind her, stole like a thief into the bedroom and into bed. For what was left of the night she slept soundly.

And that was more than could be said of the Daklins. Starr had dropped Carleton Daklin at the door, had said briefly to the other's thanks, "Have Kallock look after it tomorrow," and waited while Daklin wearily rang the bell of his pale-green house with the yellow door and the window boxes. When it opened, Starr went on.

"BRING a whisky and soda to the morning-room," Daklin said to the man whose training could not quite conceal his surprise at his employer's appearance. "Has Mrs. Daklin come in?"

"Not yet, sir. I believe she is at a charity ball." He removed his employer's coat, but by now his training had come to his aid and his eyes scarcely flickered at the sight of the stained, torn shirt and the sling.

"Taxi smash," said Daklin, though it was not his custom to make explanations to servants. Nor to anyone. He lay on the couch and sipped his drink and was still lying there when Janet Daklin came in.

"Carlie!" She leaned against the door, looking white. "What has happened?"

"Small accident. Nothing to fuss about." He looked at her with as cool admiration as he could ever force when he looked directly at her. She was so still. She must be very tired, he thought, for he could not flatter himself that any accident to him would bring that look to her face. Very seldom was she to be seen so quiet, this lady of intense energy, this woman who lived for speed and more speed, whose only rest had been those short weeks after the airplane accident which had in the end brought Celia Landis to their door.

"I am sorry," she said at last, staring at the sling. "Is it broken?"

"No. Just a scratch."

"Has Kallock seen it?"

"No. A friend of Celia Landis'. A doctor. I was with her when it happened."

"I see." She hadn't moved, that marvelous golden woman, and her violet eyes stared out into the room. She had been smoking. She removed her cigarette from the holder now and snuffed it out. She sank into a chair and let her wrap fall from her white shoulders. She sat looking at him, curiously intent, as she had sat so often in that exquisite room into which he had adoringly brought her as a bride. A room to be happy in, to remember in. She ran her finger around the rim of a bowl of white violets. But she did not see the violets.

"You are seeing a great deal of Miss Landis, Carlie." A statement, not a question.

"Yes."

"Should you care to marry her, Carlie?"

"What would you think?"

"She's a nice girl. I like her. And beautiful." She rose and rang a bell. "I think I shall have a split of champagne," she said when the man appeared. "Thank you, Lewis." She had her champagne very cold. One's mind said, "One must

not think, nor remember, nor hope." Champagne said, "Leave that all to me."

She said: "It was our agreement ten years ago that if either of us wanted to—" She sipped the champagne. "Reno is not so far away," she said.

"Not far but obvious." He tried with one hand to refill his glass. She rose and made the drink for him. He noticed that her eyes were shadowed and he would have said that her mouth wanted to cry. But the Janets of this world do not cry. They were just talking together. And only about a permanent separation, they who had been apart so long.

"I don't want a divorce," he said at last. "Unless you do."

"Why should I?" Her curious little laugh, that laugh which had always pleased his ears. "It is for her, Carlie. Too nice a girl for this sort of thing." She looked at his arm. "And the tabloids—" she murmured vaguely.

His face was granite. "I don't want," he said, "to marry, ever again."

"And what about her?"

"Isn't that her affair?"

"You have changed a lot, in these years, haven't you, Carlie?"

"Haven't we all?" His eyes rested on the white face, so piquant in profile, the violet eyes, the velvet mouth and soft white throat. She was wearing her pearls, the string he had given her on their wedding day.

"She is so young," she said. "Perhaps youth hasn't changed. And should be given its chance."

"I agree. It should be given the chance to escape marriage." That was bad. "But she asked for it," he told himself grimly.

SHE looked back at him without expression. She rose and went to the window and pulled back the curtain, though what she expected to see there you could not tell. "Still raining," she said and shivered a little. She pulled the curtains together again, shutting out the years which stared in at her with mocking faces. She clasped her hands high above her head and then down across her eyes. Then she trailed to the door, picking up her wrap as she went.

"Tired," she said. "I think I'll go to bed now." Without turning to look, still with her back to him, she said casually, "You don't suppose, do you, Carlie, that you are becoming one of those middle-aged men who take refuge behind marriage? I think not. But it would look that way, or don't you think so?"

"You mean if I were free I should have to make an honest woman of anyone I—"

She was smiling at him faintly, her head turned toward him from the door. He had the uncomfortable feeling that she knew things about him that he himself had no idea of at all.

"Well, what?"

"I think you haven't changed very much, my dear. Still the gentlest man who ever cut a throat."

"The quotation is off but I get you. You're wrong, Janet. I take my fun where I find it, that's all."

Again her curious little laugh. "But still a gentleman, Carlie. The Daklin curse." She was away down the hall. He heard the click of the elevator. The closed door at the foot of the hall.

Presently he rose and awkwardly, with his one hand, rang for the elevator and went up in it. Passing her door, he knocked and, to her light voice, opened it a crack.

"It wasn't," he said, "Celia Landis who was responsible for that Italian

vendetta the other night." She made a gesture with her hand as if to say, "Of course not. I never dreamed it was." He said, "It was one of our own crowd. A fine lady. Jane Leeds."

"Yes. Young Jane. She'll get herself hanged one day. Good night, Carlie. Better ring for Lewis to help you undress."

"Strange doings," thought Lewis, helping Mr. Daklin and his one good arm. "Anything more, sir?" he said aloud.

"Nothing more, Lewis. Keep out of taxis. They're bad business."

"Yes, sir." He did not for a moment believe it had been a taxi. "I hope you will be quite well in the morning."

"I doubt it." Indeed, he wondered if he would ever feel quite well again. He lay looking up at the ceiling.

ALONG the hall Janet Daklin, too, lay looking at her own particular ceiling. It was a night for waking and silence. Her relationship and Carlie's had been settled years ago. That was all over. He had gone into his own world and she into hers. Her world. What had it given her? And what was left? She had thought she could get along without Carlie, had thought so that night when she saw him take her black-haired Southern cousin into his arms. That had been, so young she was, the first shattering realization she had had that Carlie and she did not live within their own enchanted universe.

Until then she had looked upon herself as a superior being living within a charmed circle. Then she had told herself that Carlie wanted something more than she had. She had not blamed him. She thought little of herself, really. So she had traded solid happiness with him—traded because she could not assume the role of neglected wife—for what? For nothing. She stared at the ceiling, blank and empty, the symbol of her life. She thought of that, but it is hard to hold nothingness in your brain. So something else must come to fill that hole. And as she lay there her vision cleared, her immediate course lay clear. A vision emerged.

She saw Celia Landis as a girl she herself might have been had she had more character, less money, stronger nerves. She could, Janet Daklin thought, she, an aimless, useless person, make things better, oh, much better for Celia Landis. She had not been able to bear the look on Carlie's face that day when he had challenged Pat Braddock in the hall. It had seemed to her then that she must at all cost remove that lovely girl from her sight. Let Daklin have his romances if he must but not under her very eyes. . . .

She twisted restlessly under the silk sheets. Presently she rose and threw a negligee about her shoulders. She went over and sat down in a chair by a window. The window boxes were full of hyacinths and she breathed in, this lady who long years ago had turned her back on what she thought was fatuous idealism, the immemorial perfume of growing things.

"I could do that," she thought, and did not mind it so very much. "Yes, that is the only thing to do. . . ."

She had been most unfair to Celia Landis. To that young, young thing. Now she would be most fair. She would, she thought, with her curious little smile shining in the dimness, carry things to the extreme in being fair. . . .

Her fairness stretched before her like a shining road up a mountain.

(To be continued next week)

HINT TO WIVES WITH TENDER NOSES



If he won't clean his pipe and give up that coal-gas tobacco, clip this ad and lay it beside his easy chair along with a pack of pipe cleaners and a tin of Sir Walter Raleigh. 'Tis thus many a loving wife has freed her home from tobacco far too strong and odorous for this sensitive world. Sir Walter Raleigh is a fascinating blend of extra-mild and extra-fragrant Kentucky Burleys. Smoked regularly in a well-kept briar, it makes the air clearer and sweeter, and your curtains stay fresher. Sir Walter is a sure cure for nose-bite and tongue-bite. And how men are buying it at only 15¢ a tin! Now it's your move!

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OF GRAND AROMA



FREE booklet tells how to make your old pipe taste better, sweeter; how to break in a new pipe. Write for copy today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky. Dept. C-67

Miner Prophet

Continued from page 15

the machinists' union claims machinists whether they work in railroad shops, navy yards or auto plants; and when the electrical workers' union claims electricians in the building industry, power plants and radio plants. Under a craft set-up, from ten to thirty craft unions would have members in a single plant, carpenters, painters, machinists, blacksmiths, sheet metal workers and electricians each fighting and defeating the other. When the A. F. of L. attempted to organize the steel industry in 1918, for instance, it divided the workers into twenty-four different national craft organizations.

Men in mass production industries, according to Lewis, do not want to be forced into a craft pattern unsuited to their needs, and will remain unorganized rather than accept it. Craft organization, Lewis contends, does not give due regard to the needs of the unskilled worker, and the constant fight among craft unions over questions of jurisdiction not only weakens the labor movement itself, but provides employers with a sound excuse for antagonism.

Organized labor, in his opinion, cannot and must not depend on old, outworn methods. He insists that its program must appeal to the whole people as a definite and natural part of the industrial experiment that seeks to subordinate selfish interest to the public interest. Any code of collective practice, to be successful, must carry on its face the self-evident appearance of being a part of the more rational organization of the forces of industry, and not a scheme for the benefit of separate groups.

These views, or something very much like them, seem to express the thought of the President. If he forces employers to bargain collectively with their workers, he has said that labor should not retain the right to bedevil industry with a babel of conflicting demands. Nor is he willing that the labor movement should have concern only with the skilled. During the life of the NRA, General Hugh Johnson and others, speaking with White House authority, specifically indicated a belief that the weakness of organized labor in the United States was largely attributable to an insistence on craft unionism solely instead of a broader policy that recognized the need of industrial organization in the mass production industries.

A Powerful Pair

Holding these ideas, as he does undoubtedly, and the Lewis, Hillman, Dubinsky and other industrial unionists valiant in his support, how can there be any question as to what the President will do in the event of re-election? What more natural, as a result of both conviction and gratitude, than that he should throw all the weight of his influence behind Lewis and his associates in their battle for control of the labor movement, and the substitution of bolder, more aggressive policies for those alleged to be cautious and conventional?

A powerful pair—this John Lewis, whose father was a Welsh coal miner, and Sidney Hillman, who spent the first twenty years of his life in his native Lithuania. The first, broad-shouldered, barrel-chested and shaggy-maned, charging with the fierce directness of a bull; the other no less indomitable and tenacious, but more suave and adroit.

Born in Iowa in 1880, and with only a public school education before going down into the mines, John Lewis has added to his meager educational equip-

ment by study and contacts until today he can hold his own in any group of employers or economists, and has few superiors on the platform. During his sixteen years as president of the United Mine Workers, he has seen the organization totter to its fall many times, and always he has pulled it up again by sheer force of will and organizing skill. A man of winning geniality when it suits him, John Lewis is liked by captains of industry almost as much as he is feared.

Reaching the United States in 1907, a lad of twenty, Sidney Hillman worked in the garment factories of Chicago, and at the end of three years had so impressed his fellows that he captained the great strike that resulted in a collective bargaining agreement. For three years he represented the workers, putting firm and enduring foundations under the experiment, and then he organized the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, a bold secession from the United Garment Workers, the A. F. of L. craft union. Under his leadership the new industrial union won the 44-hour week in New York, and as victory followed victory, grew in membership until the United was no more than a shell.

A Labor Party?

While a less colorful personality, William Green also has his force. Born in Ohio in 1873, he left public school for the coal mines, but soon rose to a position of prominence and power in the United Mine Workers, and it was from the office of secretary and treasurer of that organization that he went to the presidency of the American Federation of Labor in 1924, succeeding Samuel Gompers. Strangely enough, considering the situation in which he finds himself, Bill Green has always been a Democrat while John Lewis has always been a Republican. It was as a Democrat that Green served two terms in the Ohio State Senate, and in 1912, 1920 and 1924 he attended party conventions as a delegate.

Lewis and Hillman, however, are the undisputed and authoritative heads of their organizations, while Green must consider the wishes and enunciate the policies of an executive council of fifteen, all strong, masterful men and princes of the labor movement in their own right.

A Labor party after the British model has long been the dream of many union leaders. Assuming that Mr. Roosevelt is re-elected, and assuming also that he will continue the policies that have won the favor of organized labor, where is there guarantee that he will maintain his present control of the party? A President, during his second term, is not the decisive factor in party affairs by any means. Or what if 1940 finds conservatives in full command, standing with the Republicans in opposition to "radicalism"?

May it not be wise, ask many leaders, for labor to have its own party? And what more sensible than to be ready for such a contingency? An out-and-out Labor party in 1940, recruiting additional strength from the La Guardias, the La-Follettes, the Wheelers and the Costigans and their followings. Perhaps an agrarian wing, although most labor leaders insist that farmers are only sympathetic when broke, reverting instantly to an employer psychology when prosperous.

This may or may not be the idea behind the organization of Labor's Non-Partisan League.

FORD BOND TOOK THIS TIP!

BOY! REHEARSAL ALL DAY. BROADCAST TONIGHT. THEN THAT MIDNIGHT RECEPTION!

YEAH! WITH HARDLY TIME TO SHAVE!

WHY DON'T YOU GET WISE TO COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM? ITS SMALL-BUBBLE LATHER GIVES AN ALL-DAY SHAVE!

AND AM I FED UP ON THIS TWICE-A-DAY SHAVING BUSINESS.

BUBBLE PICTURES SHOW WHY!

MOST LATHERS are made of bubbles too big to get to the base of the beard! Air pockets keep the soap film from reaching the whiskers. So the beard is only half-wilted.

COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM makes tiny bubbles that get clear down to the skin-line. Its rich soap film soaks your beard soft at the base. Makes your shaves last longer.

NEXT NIGHT

FOLKS, I'M HERE TO TELL YOU THERE'S NOTHING LIKE COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM FOR A SMOOTH, SOOTHING "SKIN-LINE" SHAVE THAT STAYS WITH YOU!

COLGATE "SKIN-LINE" SHAVES LAST HOURS LONGER

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GLOVER'S
MANGE MEDICINE

investing public. His suicide had passed as authentic. . . .

At the Bern station Harley got out in leisurely fashion and watched the porter getting his bag through the window.

He felt a pair of arms flung around his neck in a whirl of excitement and perfume. A gay voice cried in his ear: "Ah, Gustave, darling, there you are! I was afraid you weren't coming. I didn't get the telephone message you promised, but I came to the train anyway. I even have an automobile that I borrowed from our stage manager at the Casino."

"Fine," he managed to say, as he got clear of the slim young figure and confronted the emergency. "What do we do now?"

"Anything you like," she said.

"I think I'd like a drink," he said, trying to gain time.

She led the way to the station café. He looked at her inquiringly as he told the waiter to hustle for his brandy and soda.

"I don't need anything," she said exuberantly.

HARLEY liked her oval face, clear skin and warm gipsy coloring. She was simply dressed and had moved as gracefully as a cat—or a dancer. She took him for Termann. Good!

"Talk to me," he said. "I am still tired from the train."

"Well," she said, "I've arranged just the thing for a tired man. The hotel manager at the Bellevue is very nice. He told me about a beautiful spot a half hour from here. It's high over the Aare and only twenty yards off the road. We can drive all the way. There's a ledge where we can have lunch, screened from the road, and have the world spread out at our feet."

"I think I should like to have the world spread out at my feet," he said, "that sounds like something I wanted once."

"Come," she said, leaning forward happily. "I've ordered a hamper of lunch to be ready when we leave your bag at the hotel. We can go right off and sit in the sunshine and you can take a nap after eating. I'll watch over you. I told the hotel to put in a bottle of the Hallgartner 1917 that you drank the night we met."

"I still like it," he said, and noted that his double's taste in Rhine wines was like his own.

"And do you still like me?" she asked.

"What other reason could you imagine for my being here?" he replied gently.

"I'm glad," she said. "It was so sad to meet you only as I was leaving Paris. But we can go on here, until I leave for Nice."

"Let's make the most of it," he said.

It was evident he would have to invent an excuse to slip away as soon as possible, but he did not want to do it in a way that would leave her as a dangerous question mark.

It was only a few blocks to the Bellevue Hotel. The hotel manager greeted them effusively. The charming young person from the Casino had evidently made a friend of him. M. Termann was escorted to a room while she waited and chatted with the manager.

Upstairs, Harley contemplated the situation. It was evident her acquaintanceship with Termann, although affectionate, was only recent. It would be easy to leave her. . . .

They crossed the blue clear Aare where it wound through Bern, and they drove through the villas of Kirchenfeld. She made a face at a museum as they passed. "Armor and church antiques," she said.

Double Trouble

Continued from page 9

The road followed the Aare, slanting steadily up the steep walls of the valley, and arrived finally on a shelf of rock high in the air, jutting out enough through the trees to give them a view up and down the valley.

"Isn't this a cure for fatigue?" she asked.

He said it was. He liked the view up the valley toward the great peaks. To him they seemed immutable and calm.

"I'm afraid of peaks like that," she said.

She preferred the view down the valley. It opened out in pasture areas, crossed by strips of forest that looked like harvest processions threading a zigzag way. He said it was as precise as an etching—and as neat.

They agreed at any rate that the Alps were conveniently arranged to enable any spectator to see what he chose to see. Also that they stimulated the appetite.

They lunched. He praised the Hallgartner and talked of other wines. She said her father was a wine merchant in Budapest. She told him of her childhood as if she had never told it to Termann before, and of her ambition to be a famous dancer.

He grew confident and more interested in her.

"Tell me everything that has happened to you since we were last together," he said.

She talked of the show at the Casino . . . of the way her dancing was received.

"I have a new gipsy dance that you haven't seen," she said.

She got up and showed him, and ended in a whirl that dropped her close beside him with her head against his shoulder. Her eyes were shining. He put his arm around her. She patted his hand.

"You know," she said after a pause, "you've never told me much about yourself."

"I never like to talk about myself,"

said Harley, automatically using the answer with which he had so often put off questioners. "Let me tell you about the funny Englishwoman with a cock-eye who glared at me—or at the man next me—on the train from Paris."

He was describing the Englishwoman, her distracted look, her evident suspicion of everyone who did not speak English, when Magda dropped his hand and looked up suddenly. She stared at him from the front, then from each side. She said nothing but she looked frightened.

"What's the trouble, my dear?" he said reassuringly.

"I don't know what to think," she said, "or even if I ought to speak of it at all."

She took a deep breath.

"I've just made up my mind that you aren't Gustave Termann at all, but John Harley," she told him.

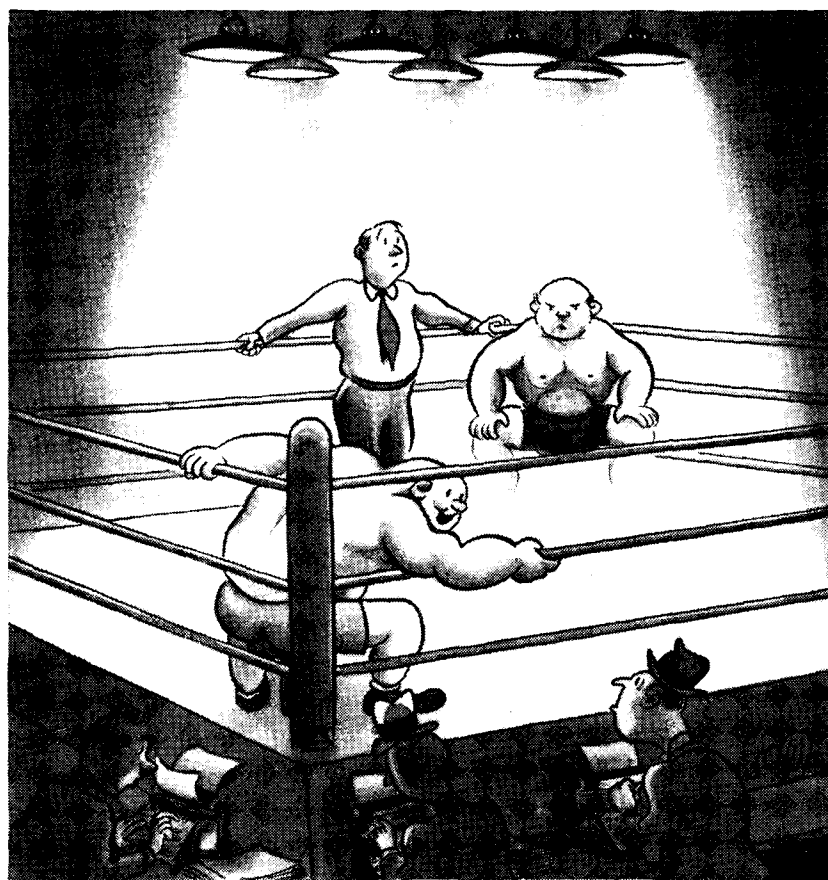
HE HEARD every word. He could not believe she had said it. But there it was. He tried to smile ironically as he asked at last, "Why?"

"You couldn't know," she said, "and I don't think even Gustave realizes, how completely I fell in love with him in a week. You are very like him—so much that you might fool anyone but a woman in love."

"You fooled me, too, until I came close to you. But when I put my head on your shoulder, you were different. A woman can't miss it if she is in love. Your hands have a different kind of warmth. And Gustave has a little lump on his wrist, too small for anyone else to notice. I asked him about it and he told me it was a thorn that stuck in him years ago. I couldn't find the lump on your wrist when I rubbed my hand on it."

"But why does all this make you think I am Harley?" he asked.

"Because," she said, "Gustave told me he was working as your double. I knew it was a great secret. That was why I didn't think I could mention it even to



"Wait till you hear the new grunt I picked up at the zoo!"

ADOLPH SCHUS

you. But I couldn't go on making believe you were the man I was in love with, as soon as I knew you weren't. I think I ought to know what is expected of me. Gustave told me nothing except that you were about to return. He said he would telephone me."

"He had no opportunity," said Harley. "I put him in my place suddenly in Paris."

"He didn't tell me about you," he continued coldly. "And I certainly didn't think he had told anyone of his doubling. I pay him ten thousand dollars a year to keep it to himself."

"Oh," she said anxiously, "he said he never told anyone else. He trusted me only because he likes me so much. He said it was the greatest confidence he had to give. He made me swear by my dead mother to keep it."

She bowed her head and crossed herself devoutly in her mother's memory. As she raised her head she shrank from the look in Harley's eyes.

"Please," she said. "He wasn't disloyal. He was proud to be so much like you. I have been so discreet that I didn't want to talk about it even to you at first. I hope I haven't cost him his job."

"No," said Harley grimly. "He can continue if you will help out by making me appear as Termann for a while."

"Oh," she said in relief, "that would be wonderful. It's better than anything on the stage. Tell me what part I am to play."

"What do you know about my movements?" Harley asked. "Have you read the morning newspaper?"

"No," she said, "I was in too much of a hurry to meet the train. All I know is that Gustave told me you were due in Paris yesterday. I thought you were there right now. But I know now it is Gustave you left in your place."

Harley was walking up and down. She watched him anxiously. "The difficulty," he said, "is to be sure you will remain silent if I tell you more."

She glowed. "Of course, you can trust me always," she said.

"Perhaps," he said, looking at the sky, "we had better go back to the hotel to talk it over. I heard a rumble of thunder and I think I see a storm coming around the corner of the valley."

As he studied the corner of the valley, she stopped alongside to see. He put his arm around her to steady her, and swept her over the edge.

It was a sheer drop of several hundred feet onto a jagged rock slide. Her shriek swiftly diminished as she fell. He saw her body land and lie motionless.

He turned abruptly and picked up her pocketbook, and went back to the car. He examined her passport. It gave him her name for the first time. It was Magda Covaky, Hungarian, born in Budapest; occupation, dancer; age, 22.

HE DROVE back to the hotel to give the alarm. The hotel manager said he would guide the police to the spot, to spare Mr. Termann's shattered nerves after such a tragedy.

Harley explained to the police that they had lunched and that he had walked to the edge of the cliff to look at the weather. She had called to him not to go any closer because it made her dizzy. He laughed at her. He was filled with remorse for that laughter. For she had suddenly run down to pull him back and had slipped at the edge. In his attempt to clutch her as she toppled screaming over the edge, he had almost fallen himself. It was nerve-racking even to recall it.

The hotel manager was remorseful also. It was he who had recommended the fatal spot. The police were sympathetic amid the general distress. The girl's dressing-room companions at the Casino said the dead dancer had talked over the impending happy week with the

man who was coming from Paris. The stage manager, who had loaned her the car, had also heard some of the story from her.

Under the circumstances the inquest was a formality.

Harley said he knew little of her past, as might be expected in an affair of such short duration. He asked the police to get in touch with her family and to offer to send the body home. He gave the police a thousand Swiss francs to defray the expenses and to "make such use of as you see fit."

"Monsieur is generous," said the chief, pocketing the money. "Your passport will be returned and clearance in this unfortunate accident will be ready for you in three days. It takes that long to put our report through the necessary routine."

They bowed at each other and parted.

Harley felt he had played his part well, but he felt no satisfaction in it.

DURING the three-day wait, Harley attempted to rearrange his life as Termann. He found it a small, mean world for a man accustomed to dominate a billion-dollar financial empire. He who had started life with four thousand dollars found it difficult to restart with forty-five thousand dollars and all his accumulated skill, when he came to definite plans. As he contemplated what he might do, he found all his plans were too large.

He began to see that he would have as much difficulty recognizing a small opportunity as another man would have in recognizing a large one. He was only Termann now, but with Harley's imagination. He even had to give up Harley's habit of mixing brandy highballs with champagne. As Termann, he used soda with his brandy.

He wandered restlessly about the city. Everywhere he confronted the great stir of the Alps. He reflected that it was the only great thing left to him. By this time his suicide by proxy had receded into accomplished fact. His body had been sent back to England and cremated after a quiet funeral.

He noted in the newspapers that the offices he maintained in various financial centers had been ransacked for the non-existent diary which his suicide postscript said he had mislaid.

He read increasingly vituperative accounts of his methods and of his private life. It was reported that he was really a vicious fellow who spent the night before his suicide drinking brandy and champagne—and whose dead body reeked of alcohol. Even his associates excused themselves now by saying they had no idea they were dealing with a madman.

It was an agony to Harley to watch them dismantle the system on which he had spent his life. When his associates observed piously that the Harley scandal showed the danger of entrusting one man with such immense financial resources, he almost wished he had chosen prison instead of suicide, so that he could make plain to the world what hand they had in it. A dead man cannot explain.

All he could do now was to sit impotently in front of a drink and a newspaper at a café table and recognize that he had imprisoned himself in another man's identity.

EVEN Termann's photograph confronted Harley as his own on the inside pages of the local newspapers when they reported the accidental death of the Casino dancer. The Casino management had supplied her photograph, aware of the publicity value of romance coupled with tragedy; and the Bernese newspapers had reproduced the photograph of her friend, M. Gustave Termann of the Bellevue Hotel, from his passport

(Continued on page 46)

Drinks never taste thin with Gordon's Gin



... Because Gordon's has that Important
Liqueur Quality★ and Higher Proof—94.4

★ LIQUEUR QUALITY

Gordon's Gin is not, of course, a liqueur—it is not sweet—it is very dry. Gordon's attains richer flavor, velvety smoothness—that famous *liqueur* quality—through an exclusive formula—167 years old.

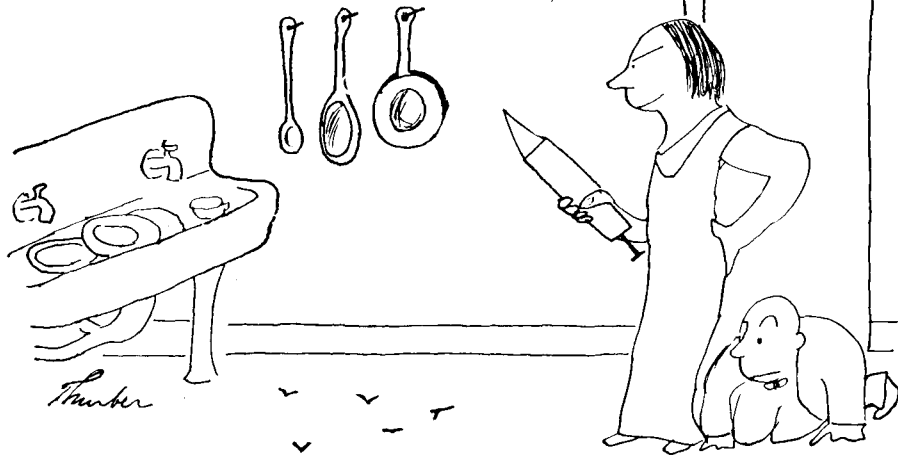
HIGHER PROOF—94.4

This means greater strength, sustained flavor. Gordon's pays a higher tax for this greater strength, but it means rickys, cocktails, Tom Collins and other gin drinks that never taste thin!

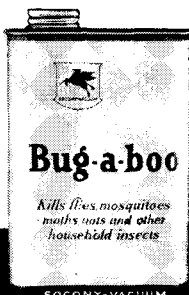
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*Within my house the flies in action,
Used to drive me to distraction;
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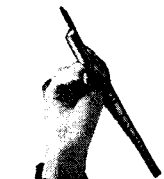


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(Continued from page 45)

temporarily in the hands of the police. The two photographs were printed side by side. Like many other men who would have preferred obscurity for events in which they took no pride, Harley cursed the newspapers.

He was relieved at last by a telephone call from the chief of police notifying him that all the papers covering the girl's death had been completed and the case closed. He could call for his passport at his convenience. He lost no time. At police headquarters he was politely received by the chief himself, who returned the passport. At the hotel he packed his bag and descended to pay his bill.

AS THE porter set down Harley's bag to await the settlement, a stranger in the lobby looked at Harley sharply and went outside. At the head of the taxicab line he approached a chauffeur who was dozing in the afternoon sunshine.

"I want to play a joke on a friend who is about to drive to the railroad station," the stranger said to the chauffeur. "Let me take your cab and surprise him when he gets out."

"But, monsieur," said the chauffeur, "I cannot give up my cab. Who knows if I will ever get it back?"

"Nonsense," said the stranger. "That car in the parking space is mine. It's worth ten of your taxicabs. Come." He led the grumbling chauffeur to a big touring car and thrust a key into the lock. "Get in," he ordered, "and observe that you are in command. Keep it until I return your taxicab. I must have my little joke."

The peremptory order, accompanied by a smile and fifty Swiss francs, completed the transaction. The stranger tossed his hat into the car and took the chauffeur's, which he jammed down over his eyes. He was installed in the taxicab seat just as Harley came out and the doorman whistled up the cab at the head of the waiting line.

"To the railroad station," said Harley, without noticing the man in the chauffeur's seat.

Halfway to the station the stranger turned the taxicab down a side alley and stopped. Harley looked up as he came around to the side door and leaned into the cab. He thrust a folded newspaper into Harley's hand. "Is that your picture?" he asked.

"Yes," said Harley, astonished by his fierce tone.

"You are Gustave Termann?" he said.

"Yes," said Harley, "who are you to question me?"

"Once you were Georgi Braun," he went on. Harley stared at him in startled silence.

"I knew it," he shouted. He drew his hand from his pocket in a flash and hit Harley over the head with a wrench. Harley sank unconscious to the floor of the cab.

The stranger closed the taxicab door and drove beyond the outskirts of Bern until he came to a wooded stretch, where he stopped after looking about. He took a towing rope out of the tool box and, with the unconscious Harley over his shoulder like a soldier carrying a wounded comrade, he went about a hundred yards into the woods. There he bound Harley securely, gagged him and left him.

Within an hour of absence the stranger was back at the Bellevue Hotel. He wakened the taxicab chauffeur, who had resumed his doze in the car. "Get up, sleepy-head," he said, "my joke was successful and now I am going home." He gave the taxicab chauffeur another five francs to refresh himself and drove away with the chauffeur's blessing.

At the wooded stretch, the stranger stopped to pick up Harley, who was still unconscious. He felt his pulse anxiously. He laid the body on the floor in front of

the rear seat of the automobile and covered it with lap rugs.

Through the growing dusk and all night he drove across Switzerland with the bound and gagged Harley as an unconscious passenger. Now and then he verified Harley's pulse. He also bought a flask of brandy.

Shortly before dawn, in the period of tremulous uncertainty when physical courage seems to ooze away from men and only moral fortitude prevails, the automobile slid through a last sleeping village, past its small graveyard at the outskirts, and turned into a lane. The purring motor died, the surrounding silence hung undisturbed.

He laid the inert body on the grass, then he removed the gag and poured some brandy into Harley's mouth. Harley shuddered and opened his eyes.

"I was afraid I killed you when I hit you," said the stranger, "and I wanted to tell you, before you die, what happened after you ran away. My daughter Maria died bearing your child. She believed to the end that you would come back. So did your father, who was my best friend until he too died, broken with shame. Your own father cursed you to a death that would be unwept by anyone."

"Oh, my head," groaned Harley, as the pain stabbed him. The stranger put more brandy in his mouth. "You had better lick your lips on that, Georgi," he said, "it is the last you will ever taste."

"What is this about?" Harley muttered. "I don't know..."

"You'll know everything before I leave you," said the other. "For five years, since Maria died, I have looked into faces everywhere hoping to meet you. The newspapers printed your photograph and your address for me. The name of Termann didn't fool me, Georgi—remember, I have known you since childhood. And I saw that you were playing your old tricks, mixed up with a girl as usual."

There was deadly menace in the tone of his voice, and Harley braced himself to meet it. "But I don't know you," he said. "I never saw you in my life."

"Oh, yes, you know me," said the stranger, "and I want you to see me clearly once more before you die." The stranger turned the flashlight on himself, a tall, sinewy old man with long, thin nose, high forehead and heavy chin.

"And I know you, Georgi," he said, turning the flashlight back, "and my daughter knew you, to her shame and sorrow. And it brought her to her death, for which now at long last you will pay, and here in my hand is the price."

The dagger gleamed as he held it forward close to Harley's throat.

"STOP," shouted Harley, "you're wrong. I am not Georgi Braun or Gustave Termann; I only took his name. My real name is Harley, John Harley; perhaps you've heard of me."

The stranger's lips drew back in a snarling smile. "Harley is dead," he said, "dead in his sins, by his own hand in Paris. I read it in the newspapers."

In a torrent of words Harley poured out the truth, how he had killed Termann instead of himself and taken his name and papers. "If you don't believe me," he cried, "unbutton my shirt and see the money in the belt around my waist. You can take half of it if you want to. I tell you, I'm John Harley."

The old man looked at him contemptuously. "You were always clever with words, Georgi. That was how you fooled Maria, but you can't fool me."

"Oh, God," cried Harley, "you are wrong. You are wrong, I tell you. I never saw you or your daughter in my life. You make a terrible mistake."

"Not my mistake, this time, Georgi," yelled the old man madly, "not my mistake but yours, your last mistake."

Trouble Shooter

Continued from page 19

Peace murmured: "Doesn't look good." Overmile let one hand fall toward his hip, fingers casually unlatching the holster flap. He murmured, "There's always a smell to things."

They came to the street's entrance, the group of graders standing across it with a sullen silence. Farther up the camp other men were ducking out of their tents. Peace reined in. He reached for his pipe and took his time filling it, his glance meanwhile evenly running that line of presented faces. Nick Moylan, a tough one himself, always had the reputation for hiring the toughest shovel hands he could find. They made a scowling barrier in front of him, reflecting a mass anger caused by something he didn't know about. He let his match glow against the pipe's tobacco. He whipped out the light, observing that the quick motion of his arm seemed to send a tremor along the group. They were jumpy, they were suspicious.

He said: "Evening, boys. Where's Moylan?"

He thought he wasn't to have an answer. Somebody finally spoke up from the rear of the group: "Other end of camp." And then that man pushed his way forward, short and quick-muscled and with immense eyebrows attached like awnings to a round, vermilion face. He had a careful look at Peace. His voice was deliberate: "What you doin' here, Bucko?"

"Hello, Ring. Just passing through." But Peace knew something then. Duke Ring would be the bully boy of this camp or of any camp. Whatever the trouble, Ring was in it. He was, Peace remembered, a rough-and-tumble fighter and thoroughly merciless. Nobody else had anything to say. Peace urged his horse on; the group split to let him through. He rode along the street, pipe stuck askew between his lips. Overmile said, "I don't get this," but he said it in a guarded way, for other graders stood at their tent fronts, close by. The air had turned quickly cool and the wood smoke of a cook shack somewhere about drifted pungently with a little wind. Considerable noise rose from a large tent at the exact end of the street. Peace rode that way. They all dismounted.

PEACE led the way into the tent. It was this camp's saloon, with a bar made of rough pine boards, with half a dozen knock-down gambling tables at the far end in full operation. The place was built for perhaps thirty men and at this moment it was altogether full. Peace saw Nick Moylan drinking at one end of the bar; there was a gap between Moylan and the next nearest man. Moylan's ruddy cheeks, netted with little veins, swung about. He saw Peace but seemed too drunk to be interested. "Frank," he grumbled, "come have a drink."

"We're pretty hungry," suggested Peace. "Your cook shack still open?"

"I'll see," said Moylan. "Come along." He led the three men to the cook shack, indicating a long table placed under a tent. He called: "Markie, here's three men to feed," and stood uncertainly in his tracks. Markie, in the cook shack, was all at once swearing in a temperamental way. Moylan listened to it a moment. He said: "That's all right, boys. You'll get fed. If he'd started throwin' pots around you'd been out of luck."

The partners sat down, Moylan circling the shadows with his head canted over. Peace said: "Who was killed?"

"My foreman, Jack Ladue. Night before last."

"Know who did it?" Peace asked him.

Moylan stopped his pacing, scanning the roundabout darkness carefully. It wasn't like this rough, bruising Irishman to be afraid of shadows. He said finally: "I guess not. It was a brawl in one of the tents. Ladue was a bully foreman. He kept this crowd humble. He had to. It's a hard bunch. They ain't worked since."

He quit talking. The cook came into the tent to lay two pans of food on the table. He dropped tin plates and cups before them with a bad grace, made another trip for the coffeepot, and retreated.

"You better get out of here," grunted Moylan. "I'm leavin' tonight."

"What'll I tell Reed?"

"What you please. I'm through."

"Nick," said Peace, "what are you afraid of?"

MOYLAN bent closer, his talk soft in Peace's ear. "I know Irishmen and I know how they fight. This is different. There's money been put into this camp for causin' trouble. You tell Reed he's buckin' somethin' besides weather and bad water."

He wheeled away, bound back for the saloon.

"Moylan's scared," said Overmile.

"Then Ladue's shootin' was part of something else, and Moylan thinks he may be next. Something here we're missing."

"This Duke Ring," murmured Overmile, "was a bouncer for Lou Queed's joint in Julesburg. I just remembered it a minute ago. He killed a man in a fist fight there. Got him down and kicked him to pieces."

Peace made a wagging motion with his hand. They rose and strolled toward the tent saloon. Something had changed the minds of the graders these last few minutes, for Peace noticed they were moving upon the saloon in a deliberately idle way. The squat and chesty shape of Duke Ring, Peace observed, led them on. Under the pale glow of the moon all those faces emerged from the shadows with a sallow and flat and wicked expression. There was a strangeness here, an invisible savagery plucking at Peace like a little gust of wind. Turning his eyes along the ragged semicircle he observed more men emerge from a near-by tent and come up. One of them was Al Brett.

Brett joined the semicircle. He was grinning at Peace. His tone held the inflections of some secret joke. "Long way from Benton, Bucko. We thought maybe you'd be comin' out this way."

Peace said, "That's right, Al," and understood the game thoroughly then. Ring had quit talking, leaving the authority here to Brett. It was Brett's private show, and Brett had his orders from Campeaux. They wanted their chance at him; they had it now. But something else interested him at the moment. The back edge of this crowd was breaking off and men were drifting away into the hidden areas behind the tents. Presently he had a complete knowledge of the camp. Brett was still planted solidly in the dust, a man at either elbow. Duke Ring stood fast, with one other Irishman beside him. And that was the substance of it. Those other graders now retreating from the scene were lukewarm to a fight. Peace let out a long breath; he felt better from knowing how the situation stood.

"When you go back," drawled Brett, "you can tell Sam Reed he won't get any gradin' done here."

"Maybe. Maybe not."

Overmile shifted the weight of his



Keep Up with the World By Freling Foster

Several white, Christian countries still deny to women some of the most common privileges of mankind. An outstanding example is Armenia where, throughout an area of 60,000 square miles, women are not allowed to speak to any man except their husbands. In all their dealings with other men, such as storekeepers, they are required to use a sign language.

Many drugs, irrespective of how and where they are kept, lose their strength and efficacy within a few months. Others, however, such as Epsom salts, soda and niter, keep indefinitely in their original condition; while some, such as laudanum, actually become stronger with age.—By Robert J. Wehrle, Norwood, Ohio.

Colored lightning is not uncommon. Owing to rain, gases, smoke and other particles in the atmosphere between the observer and the lightning, flashes frequently occur in one solid color. During one storm single flashes were recorded in such distinct colors as red, yellow, green, violet, orange and blue as well as white.

In 1888, when people still thought that yellow fever germs flew or drifted about in the air, an epidemic of this disease took place in Jacksonville, Florida. In the belief that the microbes could be killed by concussion, cannons were fired for several days in the principal streets—to the delight and profit of the glaziers.—By M. B. Johnson, Jacksonville, Florida.

Rarely does an entire family marry another entire family at the same time. But such a case was recorded recently in the Kwangtung Province of China when a widower and his three sons married, in a single ceremony, a widow and her three daughters.

Under a federal act of 1917 a foreigner may not be granted entry into the United States if the immigration authorities believe that he has an inferiority complex, a term that is almost without definition because it is used to designate widely different types of behavior and both real and imaginary feelings.—By Mrs. P. A. Smits, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

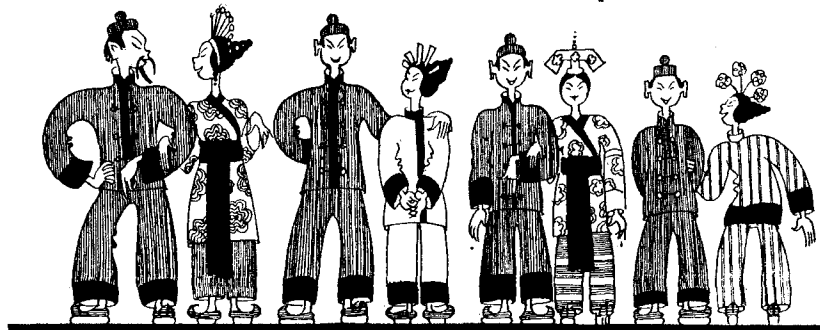
Each summer in Japan numerous villages compete with one another in the making and flying of giant kites, some of which are 3,000 square feet in area, weigh half a ton, cost nearly \$1,000 and require 200 men to hold them steady while they are in the air. Sometimes even this number cannot hold one of them in a stiff wind and those who courageously hang on too long are carried up by it and fall to their deaths.

One of the most fantastic sights in the world is the Glowworm Grotto in New Zealand, whose roof is covered with millions of these tiny creatures. Not only do they give off a bright blue light, but they let down beautiful, luminous, sticky threads—looking like strands of tiny jewels—with which they attract and catch the insects upon which they live.—By John P. Gates, Jackson, Mississippi.

The unique custom of excusing orchestral players from attending rehearsals if they sent other musicians to take their places existed in London up to about fifty years ago, when it met a sudden death under a withering fire of vituperation by a famous foreign conductor. He had called four rehearsals for an important concert and they had been attended by four different groups of substitutes.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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high body. He took two steps away from Peace and turned a little, and thereby presented himself directly to Brett. It was a move as deliberate as an open door. Overmile was taking Brett, leaving Ring for Peace. At once the tension screwed up.

Brett's voice fell into a monotone. "If you're itchin' for it, Texan, go right after it."

But Overmile, so reckless and so rash, was smart in the ways of this game. He let Brett's invitation slide off; he waited for Peace to make the move. Meanwhile, Phil Morgan had quietly balanced the greatest source of danger in that loose-strung group across the dust and had made his own decision. Saying nothing at all, he dropped back of Peace and stepped over to take a position near Overmile, thus putting his weight against Brett and Brett's two partners. It left Peace alone to handle Duke Ring and his friend.

Brett's voice, higher and more unnatural, cracked out a question: "What you waitin' for, Bucko?"

Peace let the silence run on. He watched Ring, he laid all the pressure of his temper against that barroom fighter, driving it boldly at the man. Ring pulled his shoulders forward; there was a sweat glittering across the narrow width of his forehead. He moved one foot behind him and stood in an awkward way. He said:

"I'm not carryin' a gun on me."

Brett cracked him with one wild phrase: "You damned fool!"

Nick Moylan stumbled from the saloon drunker than before. He couldn't see the trouble before him. He walked into it. "Peace, you still here?"

Peace said: "Where do we bunk, Nick?"

"There's blankets in the end tent. Listen, Peace. Tell Reed he can bring his own Irishmen out here to make this cut."

RING took a long step backward. He said, "Come on," and walked down the street, his friend going with him. "You tell Reed that," repeated Nick Moylan, and weaved back toward the saloon.

"Tell him that," mimicked Al Brett wickedly. But there was a change in the feeling here, a sudden sag. Brett stared at Peace, some calculation brightening his eyes, and then he ducked his head at the men beside him and followed Ring. All of them presently disappeared behind the far tents.

Overmile murmured: "It ain't over yet." Suspicion rooted him to the spot; his quickened senses searched the night for its treacheries. They were three men spotlighted by a radiant moon, with the voices of the graders murmuring gutturally all around them. Lights began to drop off along the rows of tents. A few graders came out of the tent saloon. Nick Moylan's voice grew louder and louder in there.

Peace said: "Campeaux put Ring out here to stir up this trouble. Then he found out we were coming, and sent Al Brett."

"Ring," said Overmile, "lied. He had a gun in his pocket."

"Shootin's not his best style. He wants to get at me with his fists—and his feet."

"There's more to come of this," said Overmile and began to shift restlessly around. He wasn't satisfied with their situation.

"In the morning," agreed Peace. "Ring and his few friends have got the rest of the camp bluffed. I think the boys would work if it wasn't for him. The showdown comes in the morning."

Overmile went over to get the horses still standing by the saloon. He led them off in search of water and hay. Peace watched him march vaguely around the cook shack—and presently come back.

"Put 'em on picket," explained Overmile. "Left 'em saddled."

Peace murmured: "We sleep somewhere else," and walked into the desert. There was, a short distance from camp, a small gully eroded ten feet down into the plain. They made a blanketless camp here, each man finding a spot. The air was touched with a thin chill; all the stars were bright in the sky. "I'll take first watch," volunteered Morgan.

STANDING in front of the saloon tent next morning, Peace watched these fifty graders finish breakfast and come back into the street and stand along it with a visible uncertainty. The red, raw embankment of the right of way ran directly in front of the camp and one man strolled up its dusty slope and stood there smoking his short-stemmed pipe, boot heels kicking at the loose clods of earth. Peace saw that, and saw other

ing with it, very interested in that small motion. Peace said: "Ring, get to work or hit the ties for Benton."

"Me?" snarled Ring. "Hell with you!"

"Catch," said Peace and threw the pipe. Ring's hands lifted, and he came involuntarily off his crouch. He was like that—half unprotected—when Peace hurled himself across the little distance, smashed Ring in the soft flesh under the ear and sank him, like a struck ox, to the ground. A great, yeasty sighing went round the watching circle. Ring lay with his mouth wide open, sucking in air; his knees threshed around and he seemed to be stunned.

But Peace knew the cunning of that half-savage; knew it and watched for it, and jumped into the air when Ring's arms shot toward his boots. His heels crushed into Ring's knuckles and then he was fading back as Ring, fiery rage bawling out of his throat, came clawing



men stand and stare at the grade. Uncertainty, that was what lay on them. It was hard for them not to be on the job. Duke Ring came out of the cook shack and saw the man topping the grade. His voice sailed across the still, fresh morning's air: "Get off that, Mike!"

Peace drew pipe smoke evenly into his lungs, and expelled it. Overmile and Morgan looked at him, narrowly reading his face. Nick Moylan dragged himself from the saloon tent, sober but as haggard as a man could be. Peace withdrew the pipe from his teeth and knocked out the ashes. "Let's see now," he murmured, and walked toward Ring's squat shape.

He didn't know, until then, how closely and how intently the men of this camp were observing him. The first step he took drew them on from every angle; and when he stopped a yard away from Ring there was a circle around him. Ring slowly adjusted himself, his feet spread apart, his ramlike shoulders bowed down. He had a pair of black, close little eyes and he was watching Peace with a glittering, greedy hope. Looking above the man's head, Peace observed Al Brett in the background. Overmile noticed Brett too, for the Texan stepped aside until he had Brett fully in view.

Peace lifted and lowered the pipe in his fingers, Ring's glance rising and fall-

up and forward. Peace stepped aside. He lifted a knee and drove it into Ring's vitals and waited for the bully one's arms to drop; and when they dropped he broke Ring's nose with one head-on blow and brought his other fist in afterwards, tearing the flesh down Ring's temple.

BLOOD spouted out. Ring spread his feet farther apart. He made a spider-like jump aside, and whirled and backed into Peace and pinned down one of Peace's feet with a stamping heel and afterwards tried to carry Peace down in that rear fall. Peace bent. He caught Ring on his hip and clamped Ring's neck into the crook of his forearm. He swayed back until he felt the cartilage of Ring's neck grind together. Ring's feet were stamping down again, catching the arches of Peace's feet in pure stabs of pain. But the man's face was turning color, the red dulling to purple; blood gouted out of the raw cut in his temple. Peace turned him as he might turn a doll and pushed him backward—and fell on him with his knees. He broke a pair of Ring's ribs then; he heard them definitely snap.

There wasn't any mercy in him. He had an animal to punish, an animal who would have gouged out his eyes, who

would have kicked his face in and laughed at him. He had to give this bully a savage beating; he had to put the fear of God into the malcontents of the camp. Ring's eyes were swelling out, turning to a glassy shining; his tongue was caught between his teeth, bitten and swollen. Peace pulled his knees away. He rolled the man over and scrubbed that smashed face in the dust. He stood up; he stepped back. He said, "Get a bucket of water," and felt the deep, painful distention of his lungs laboring for air. Dust swirled up from the ground, clouding the faces of the grading crew standing by. Mauled and blood-smeared and half dead, Ring made no motion.

Somebody came along with a bucket of water. Peace seized it and sloshed the full load across Ring's body; the man's muscles shuddered and fell loose again. Peace ran a hand across his forehead, scooping the sweat aside. The dust was settling; a hotter sun bit into a cheek bruise he didn't remember receiving. His eyes touched Al Brett standing like a carved figure at the edge of the circle. Brett's lips were pulled back; his nostrils flared out, as though the hating desires in him were all afloat. But he broke this long immobility and stared at the stock-still graders with a calculating interest. It made Peace remember that these men were here. He had his look at them.

"There's your bully, boys," he said. "The fun's over. Nobody can make you work. But get out of this camp if you're through with the job."

A cheerful voice said: "'Tis seven o'clock." It was like that. The uncertainty vanished from this outfit—and they swung toward the embankment. Al Brett turned his head to watch them go. He had his two riders behind him, but they were fiddling around, they were uneasy.

Peace said: "What's your intention, Al?"

AL BRETT'S bright yellow head whipped back. The secret, careful thinking laid a sharpness and a thinness across his face. He had made up his mind then; for his narrow grin appeared and vanished and he looked once at the bruised Ring still knocked out, and moved across the dust with his men. Peace watched them swing into their saddles and wheel out of the camp, boiling up the dust.

Nick Moylan remained. And the saloonman remained too. Moylan's voice was shocked: "Frank!"

The saloonman's face was without expression; and yet Peace observed him with an interest he could not define. The man stirred memory in him, faintly reviving an image that would not focus. Ring had begun to groan. The saloonman dropped his head and went rapidly back to his tent.

"Who is he?" asked Peace.

"Bill Wallen," said Nick Moylan stupidly. "Frank, I thought you were goin' to tear his heart out!"

Ring pulled himself as far as his knees. He crawled painfully that way a foot or so, his head sagging. Blood collected on the tip of his nose and dropped in steady blobs. He made two efforts before he got to his feet. There was a long interval before he recognized Peace.

"Ring," said Peace, "start walkin'." But he quit being interested in Ring. He had whipped the man in front of the graders. He had broken Ring's power here. The sun was a burning, brilliant flare in the morning sky and all the freshness was gone from the day. "See you later, Nick," Peace said and turned back to where the horses were. Presently they were riding the grade eastward toward Benton. Peace's fists were alive with pain and he thought he had broken a knuckle.

Overmile hauled himself out of a deep

I'm through
with
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Pins!



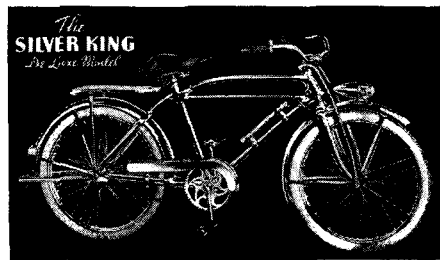
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reflection. "Frank," he said, "You're top dog. Know what happens to top dogs?"

Phil Morgan broke his customary taciturnity. "I was thinking about that, too. You made a lot of enemies at Julesburg, which time didn't soften. This year you've hurt Campeaux badly, killed Dollarhide and knocked the teeth out of this Ring. Twice now Al Brett's had to back down before you. Campeaux and Ring and Brett. And the gamblers behind Campeaux. Your chances get slimmer. This thing here was a trap. We almost got caught in it. They'll never rest until they rub you out."

"Perhaps."

"Campeaux never forgets what he's after. He won't forget you."

Six miles out they sighted Archie Millard's camp. When they came up he was ready to march; and they all fell in and continued on. Millard asked the news and Overmile told him. Millard glanced at Peace. "You're pretty hard, Frank. Valuable to the road. Dangerous to yourself. I'd hate to be in your shoes."

"See?" said Overmile, to Peace.

The heat of the day squeezed further talk out of them. Millard, having spoken once, said nothing more during the course of the day, except to give the occasional orders for rest. Peace was struck by that downbearing silence. Millard's tall, soldierly figure made a fine shape in the sunlight; but the face of the man held no light, no vigor. Definitely Millard fed upon himself, a hope in him seeming to flicker always lower, leaving less expression in his gray eyes.

Once Morgan mused: "Archie, life is a pretty sorry joke. Still, it isn't as bad as that." But Millard, paying a faint and puzzled attention, only shrugged his shoulders. They camped beyond the Continental Divide, and arrived in Benton the following evening, to find headquarters swept by a minor tempest. Dodge had returned by fast stage from Salt Lake, his driving temper quickening an organization already geared to a nervous pitch. General Grant's party had arrived at Fort Sanders, 130 miles back on the line. Dodge was to be there the following afternoon for the conference.

Reed said: "You're going with Dodge, Frank."

THE photographer said, "If you please, gentlemen," and waited for that group to come to a pose.

In front of the camera, posted along the white picket fence which enclosed the headquarters house of General Gibbon at Fort Sanders, General Grant's party slowly and somewhat stiffly arranged itself. Phil Sheridan, olive-skinned and sardonic in expression, removed his hat and stood beside General Potter's wife. General Sherman hooked a thumb into his pants pocket and swung a little aside. Dodge was in the background. Durant, the dissenter and the fiery one, sat partially on the fence, his hands clasped across his vest. These and a dozen other full major generals of the recent rebellion surrounded Grant, the least striking of the group. Grant laid both his hands on the picket fence; he made a still and close-mouthed figure there, dressed in a wrinkled black suit and a panama hat turned up all the way around. His cropped beard lay close against the noncommittal face.

The photographer said, "Thank you," and the group dissolved, going slowly back into General Gibbon's house to resume the conference.

Dodge saw Peace standing in the background with the lesser officers of the post. He said: "Come here, Frank," and then spoke quietly to Grant. Grant swung in the doorway, his even glance surveying Peace. Dodge said: "General, this is Frank Peace. He was a major under me during the Tennessee campaigns.

I depend on Sam Reed to push the rails forward and Sam depends a good deal on Peace to keep the way clear."

Grant shook Peace's hand quickly. "Glad to know you," he murmured and went on into the house. Peace started to turn away, but Dodge touched him on the arm and motioned for him to follow Grant. Inside the room, Peace took a discreet station in one corner, watching the party collect.

A high and wordy controversy, filled with temper, had gripped these men during the morning, and some of that agitation still showed on Durant's suave face. He came in and walked once around the room, his small fingers plucking at the tip of his Vandyke; his eyes were shrewd in the way he measured the other men. Grant sat down and Sherman and Sheridan sat down, none of them revealing any expression. There was a poker-faced impassiveness about them, a sort of ground-in taciturnity.

Dodge said: "Some things I want to make very clear."

GRANT looked carefully at Dodge. Sherman turned to listen. And one thing Peace understood then. Both of these men had been Dodge's commanders in the war; they knew him and they trusted him with that deep, strong loyalty the war had engendered. And Peace knew also that neither Grant nor Sherman liked the civilian Durant. It was to be seen in their attitude.

"The government commissioners complain of the changes that have been made in the right of way," Dodge said. "They dislike to approve a line unless they know it to be a sound line, built for traffic and not for subsidy. As long as I'm in charge I'll build the line for traffic. I will not have the private contractors agitating for changes that will make their own pieces of construction work more profitable to them. I will not have Durant sending his own set of engineers out here to set aside my orders."

Sherman cast a glance of sly, iron humor at Grant, who sat imperturbably in his chair, the acrid smoke of a cigar rolling around his face. Durant moved his slight, stooped body nervously about the room. "I have no particular intentions of tying up General Dodge," he protested calmly. "But I should like to remind you that it is the investors who must be pleased. They're spending the money; they're entitled to any changes that will bring in further government revenue."

"The investors or the stock manipulators?" asked Dodge bluntly.

Durant lifted his shoulders, an expressive gesture. "Is it necessary to use the word? I realize the general public back East considers the Credit Mobilier contracts to be tainted. I understand very well that the public considers certain men to be feathering their own nests. That's an unavoidable public reaction when a large project is under way. Particularly when government subsidies are involved."

"But look at it from another angle. Private money is building this road. It is a gamble. Who knows if we'll get that money back? At the same time we are building something that is an instrument of national defense. We're binding the two coasts together. Therefore, private investors have a perfect right to insist on all the help the government can give them. The subsidy for the first five hundred miles was only sixteen thousand dollars to the mile. Over these hills and out into the Red Desert it will be forty-eight thousand dollars. In the Wasatches we'll receive—we'll earn—thirty-two thousand dollars to the mile. It is not excessive. And I want to remind you this money is a loan by the government to the road. A loan we must repay. It is not a gift—as the public seems to think.

(Continued on page 52)

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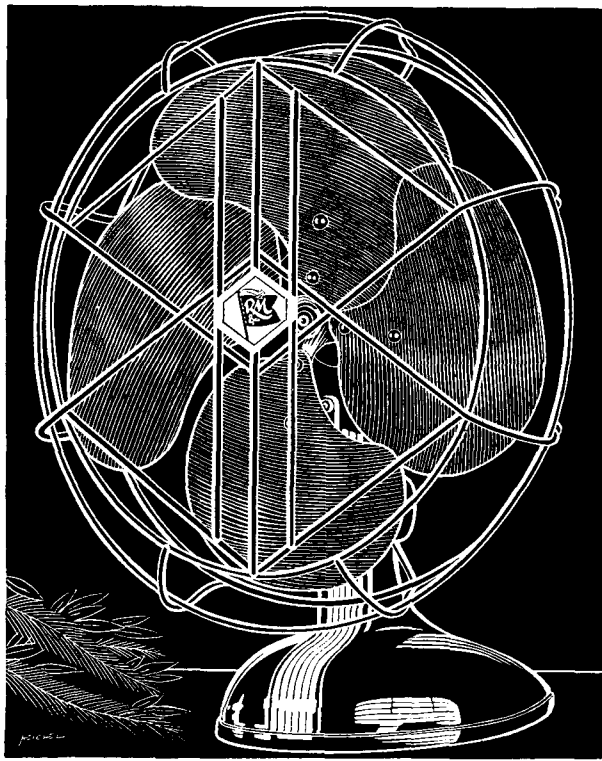
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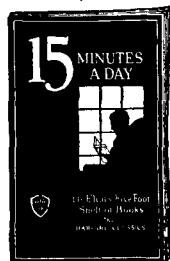
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(Continued from page 51)

Nor are the land grants in any sense graft. What was this land worth before the road went through? Nothing. Whatever value it attains is due entirely to the building of track. I think the government is getting a bargain. I think it should not complain—and certainly General Dodge shouldn't—if we change the lines occasionally. Consider this, gentlemen. The Credit Mobilier is under a terrific strain. If it collapses there'll be no more building—and no transcontinental road."

Grant said: "How about that, Dodge?"

Dodge said: "I want the road to be safe, and I want it as straight as it can be built. I want the government interest protected. And I want the private investor protected. Oakes Ames represents the private investor to a greater degree than Durant here—and Ames wants the road built straight. If he does, Durant shouldn't be so greatly worried about the investor. I cannot have either the private contractors or financial interests dictating the layout of the line. There is a good deal of dissension and arguing back East. A good deal of fighting for control. That is not my province. I'm simply concerned with putting down a railroad according to my best engineering judgment. As to that, neither Durant nor any other man will interfere, as long as I'm chief engineer. If change is insisted upon, I'll quit."

THE silence came on, loaded and strained. Sherman looked at Grant. They were all watching Grant. He had no real authority here; he was still a private citizen. Andrew Johnson sat in the White House, an embittered, suspicious man who had no faith in the road. But the shadow of the presidency already hovered over Grant, and to him already men were beginning to bring their affairs. And it was Grant who, two years before, had given Dodge a furlough from the Army to become the Union's chief engineer. He sat there a long while, silently and secretly weighing what had been said. Nobody spoke. Durant's fragile fingers kept pulling at the tip of his Vandyke. Grant rolled the cigar between his lips and pulled it aside. He spoke quietly:

"The government expects this railroad to be finished. The government expects the railroad company to meet its obligations. And the government expects General Dodge to remain with the road as its chief engineer until it is completed."

He had not lifted his tone, but it was an ultimatum nevertheless. Sherman's seamy face held again that glint of iron humor. He looked around at Durant, as all of them were doing.

Durant had straightened. Color got into his rather pale face; and a flash of anger got into it. But he was a shrewd man and a clever man and now he looked at Grant with a steady, calculating glance. Somewhere along those moments he made a lightning-swift change of front. He said, almost affably: "I withdraw my objections. We all want Dodge to stay with the road."

To Peace, Durant's reasoning was as clear as if it had been spoken aloud. Grant would be President and Grant was Dodge's friend; and to Grant friendship was like a steel cable. Durant needed the government's help and he could not afford to push his point. Yet Peace, looking at that elegant little man with the neat, distinguished countenance, felt that Durant was thinking of other means and other strategies.

The group broke up, moving out to the special train that waited to carry them westward as far as Medicine Bow. Peace climbed into one of the coaches and settled himself down. At Cheyenne all the town had massed to meet the party and a band there began to blast the hot afternoon; and then there was a long stillness

and Peace heard Grant's stiff, unhurried voice roll out from the end of the last coach. Applause washed up and the train moved on. Sam Reed broke through the solid ranks of spectators and caught the handrail of Peace's coach on the dead run. He saw Peace and settled down in the same seat. "What happened at Sanders?"

Peace told him, whereupon Reed's energetic features expressed a dark doubt. "Grant will no doubt be President. The soldier vote will put him in. But Johnson's term still has eight months to go and Johnson's Secretary of the Interior, Browning, hates us. We can be hamstrung in a day. That ain't all. The Credit Mobilier is just about out of money. When it's gone the construction stops. Where's more money to come from? Maybe Oakes Ames can raise it in Boston. But Boston people won't trust their dollars with Durant. So Durant's got to go—and he's too clever for Ames. Last week I raised my boys to three dollars a day. There's been troublemakers workin' on 'em. Campeaux has got all the toughs lined against us, for his own reasons. What they are I don't know. The Central's building faster than we thought. On top of that, Brigham Young threatens to throw his influence with the Central if we don't build into Salt Lake town. And we can't do it. Ogden is the only feasible engineering point. I wouldn't give a nickel for our chances to beat the Central into Salt Lake Basin."

"You're tired, Sam. You need a rest."

"And we'll be in the Wasatch range when winter comes. Forty feet of snow to buck through. An impossible job, but we have to do it or we're licked."

At Laramie the train stopped. Grant spoke again. There was a long yelling outside. "Three cheers for Unconditional Surrender!" "Three cheers for old Tecumseh!" "Come on, boys, three big ones for Little Phil!" The train moved on through this tumult, clicking down the Laramie plain smoothly, passing small groups of graders gathered to see Grant go by. They reached Medicine Bow at four o'clock, and here Peace got off the special, which was going no farther, and took a construction train for Benton. Sam Reed had stopped to talk with Dodge, who was returning to Omaha with Grant's party.

They reached Benton at eight o'clock and Peace stepped into the bawdy, bawling glitter of this wicked town and stopped a moment on the platform. Nan Normandy's restaurant lights were directly over the dust. Bardee Oliver's store was to the right, down an alley. There was a desire in him to go straight for the alley, yet the lights of Nan Normandy's place oddly held him. Morose and irritable he stood there, wondering what kept him so still. Watching the restaurant, he saw Overmile come strolling from it; and an emotion that was almost anger got into him, though he did not recognize it. Overmile idled across the street and came up, his face very cheerful in these shadows.

Peace said gruffly: "Where in hell have you been?"

WHEN Archie Millard returned from the westward trip with Peace he dismissed the squad of troopers and went to his quarters at the Fort Steele bachelor hall. He cleaned up, had a late meal at officers' mess and took a stroll across the parade ground. Tired as he was, he could not return to quarters; his troubles obsessed him and his desire to be near Cherry gnawed at his mind in a way that sometimes frightened him with the thought of insanity. Beyond the parade ground, just past post number one, he saw a small, slim figure standing under the heavy moonlight. The figure of a girl with her face turned his way.

He said: "Cherry!" And swung over

there rapidly. "Cherry, how did you get here?"

He took hold of her and kissed her. Her body came against him, wholly soft and willing; there was a tempest in this girl as well as in him, for her mouth was strong with feeling and her lips clung to him and would not let him go until he touched her shoulders and pushed them gently back. He noticed then that she had changed from the gingham dresses she habitually wore to buckskin garment and high moccasins.

She saw his face change. She was alive to it, as she always was. "What don't you like, Archie?"

He repeated his question: "How did you get here?"

"You didn't come to Virginia Dale. It has been almost a month. So, I came here. My father and I are living in the tepee there."

He saw its conical shape standing against the bright moonlight, a hundred yards away. He put his hand to her arm, and they walked toward it. He said: "I don't like you in a tepee, Cherry. I don't like you in buckskin."

She bowed her head, her jet-black hair shining. "It is what I am," she murmured.

"No," he said shortly, "not a blanket woman."

THEY went into the lodge. A lantern hung down from a thong, glowing on a clean, blanket-covered floor. There were neither tables nor chairs in the place; only two beds made on the floor—at opposite sides of the tent—a parfleche trunk, and a rack containing some of Mormon Charley's guns.

"My father went on a hunt yesterday," she said, and sank in a graceful, turning fashion to the bed. He remained standing, his silence lifting her chin. Her eyes were round and soft, they held a deep fidelity. Her face was all sober, stirred by faint, wild beauty. Of a sudden it dragged him down to the bed. He put his arms around her waist and stared at her, a harsh strain on his features.

"I don't want you to be a tepee woman camped outside a fort!"

She had a dignity, a pride. Her shoulders straightened. "You want me to be a white woman. I have tried. But I am not a white woman. If I were we would be married by now. Do you want me to go back to Virginia Dale?"

His answer was ragged, half-groaned. "No, Cherry."

"Why did you leave Sanders?"

"I've been transferred to be with Frank Peace. I have had no leave since, or I'd have been to see you."

"Peace," she murmured. Her eyes were at once bright and bitter. "Peace. He doesn't want us to be together."

"It was an Army order, Cherry. Not Peace's."

SHE smiled at him obscurely, her lips making a gentle curve. "All right, I say nothing against your friend. But—Archie, marry me and put me away somewhere in a town where nobody will know—and come to me when you can."

He reared back. "Never! I'm not ashamed of you. If I married you I wouldn't hide you!"

She said, "Why would that matter? We are in love. You see? You are proud. Well, then, Archie, I am not proud. Do not marry me in your way. Marry me in mine, which is no way at all. I shall be in this tepee when you come. I shall be near, wherever you are. You keep your pride and I will keep you, which is enough for me."

He said, doggedly, "No."

She put herself against him, her arms slipping around his neck. "Yes, Archie, I am wiser than you are, I think. No other way is possible for us. Don't go away! Don't forget me!"

"I won't always be out West," he said.

Her voice begged him with a faint and tender and breathless whisper: "I know. Some day you'll go away. But I'll be old then—and it won't matter."

He lifted her face with his big hand, and kissed her again.

"There's some way out of this, Cherry," he groaned. "There has to be!"

(To be continued next week)

Philbert

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

By FRANK OWEN



"He's beating us to the gold field and staking out his own claim!"



Floyd Gibbons Confesses

How Famous War Correspondent Strayed from Fold and was Re-converted

HELLO EVERYBODY: And make way, brothers, for a sinner. Confession is good for the soul. I was a barbarian taken into the fold, then a backslider that became lost in the wilderness and now stand here at the testimonial bench sincerely proclaiming my re-conversion.

Back six presidential campaigns in Milwaukee when Theodore Roosevelt was shot, I wrote a story about T.R. sitting on the edge of his hospital bed and placidly shaving himself with a Gillette razor, the while a would-be assassin's bullet was still imbedded in his shoulder.

The story won me my first safety razor. That first Gillette carried me through two rather tough bewhiskered campaigns in the Mexican revolution and was with me one night in 1917 when I was torpedoed in the North Atlantic. It still ought to be in Cabin 19 on the old Cunard liner *Laconia*, 200 miles off the Irish coast and at least a mile under water.

I landed in England with only a life preserver for baggage and in the rush to replenish duds and toilet articles, some clerk in London sold me another kind of razor. I didn't like the substitute but it was war time and you know how people put up with anything in war.

Well sir, I carried that chopper along with me through a series of wars all over the globe and even used it last year down in Africa when Mussolini's boys started their ruckus with Haile Selassie's subjects.

That hair puller was a hangover from

world war days, proving that men are mostly creatures of habit and the habits are mostly bad. I had become accustomed to that scraper and so had my phiz, except for the fact that every year or so, I was forced to go beaver and grow a full crop of copper wire, simply because I had to let my skin get back in shape.

Well sir, I'm reformed now. Several weeks ago I went through the Gillette plant in Boston and saw them turning out the new and up-to-date munitions of war for that every-morning conflict with man's greatest enemy, the stubbly chin.

I am back to the Gillette and the Gillette Blade after 19 years of dumb torture for which I have only myself to blame. I found the answer to painless shaves at the Gillette Safety Razor plant in Boston.

Here they take the world's finest steel, scientifically test and process it so that each blade is worth its weight in sheet platinum—worth more to me.

Precision is the watchword in this factory. Apparently as much scientific care is lavished on the Gillette Blade as in the production of a delicate spring for an astronomical chronometer.

And this blade is backed by years of experience, millions of dollars in research, and the prestige, the reputation and name of an old-time permanent pioneer organization, of which America can well be proud around the world.

Beavers of Habit, I give you Gillette.

In view of these facts, why let anyone deprive you of shaving comfort by selling you a substitute! Ask for Gillette Blades and be sure to get them.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.



A Home of Your Own

THERE was never a better nor an easier time to buy a home. For the great majority the emergency is past. Steady work at good pay is had by most. Certainly never before has money to finance building been so plentiful and cheap.

A house which is a home is a fine possession. The men and women who own their own homes are the substantial citizens of every region. To be the possessor of land and a home is to have a stake in your community. If you own your home you know you pay taxes. When you give up hard-earned dollars to the tax collector, you want to know what becomes of your money. Tax-payers are interested when they see their own money being spent. They make public opinion.

But more than that, a home is a pleasant possession. Children need a house in which to play and grow. Developing children are better for living in a permanent home about which memories and associations can cluster.

Life being what it is in these days of industrial ferment, not everybody can own his own home. Some of us are compelled to follow the job hither and yon. The majority of us, however, can sink roots into the ground, if we are so minded. It is a good way of living.

The present is a propitious time to build a new home. We are on the eve of a great new era of house construction. The fruit of vast numbers of inventions designed to make homes more comfortable and spacious is ready for harvest. At different times in history the human mind seems to become more fertile and productive. We are now in such a period so far as house building is concerned.

Architects and engineers learned much of importance to comfort and well-being during the recent lean years. It is possible now at every price level to build better and more beautiful houses than ever before. Ideas,

materials, utilities, and the money with which to pay the bills are plentiful.

Architects know how to provide more space for fewer dollars. The shackles of convention which restrained the imaginations of architects and the tastes of builders have been broken. We are no longer restricted to ancient forms in our plans. We have the whole world from which to choose.

Given a definite number of dollars, architects can provide many choices. Any of the familiar American styles, modern forms, European types—the variety is limited chiefly by the wishes of the buyer. Rooms can be arranged with endless variations to provide more comfort than was ever before attainable.

New materials, added to the rich resources of the past, have widened the opportunities of architects and builders. New inventions offer fresh advantages. It is practicable at amazingly small cost to build homes far better protected against changes in weather than was ever before feasible.

Those who build now and during the years ahead can secure houses which are insulated against temperature changes, which are fortified by air-conditioning and which possess electrical and other equipment not attainable at any price a few years ago.

The engineering advances in house construction are in line with the enormous progress made in motorcar design and in airplanes.

The money to build is readily available if the builder can show reasonable prospects of making his payments. The Federal Housing Administration lends money for house construction at low rates. In many regions, building and loan associations, mutual savings banks, insurance companies and other financial agencies have money to lend at rates lower than have been attainable in many years. The cost of the money for building is by any standard very low.

From many sources much counsel and

guidance concerning home building are gladly given. The federal government has published pamphlets of information useful to prospective builders. Financial institutions which lend money for building also give advice. The large corporations and trade associations which sell material and equipment distribute booklets of information useful to builders.

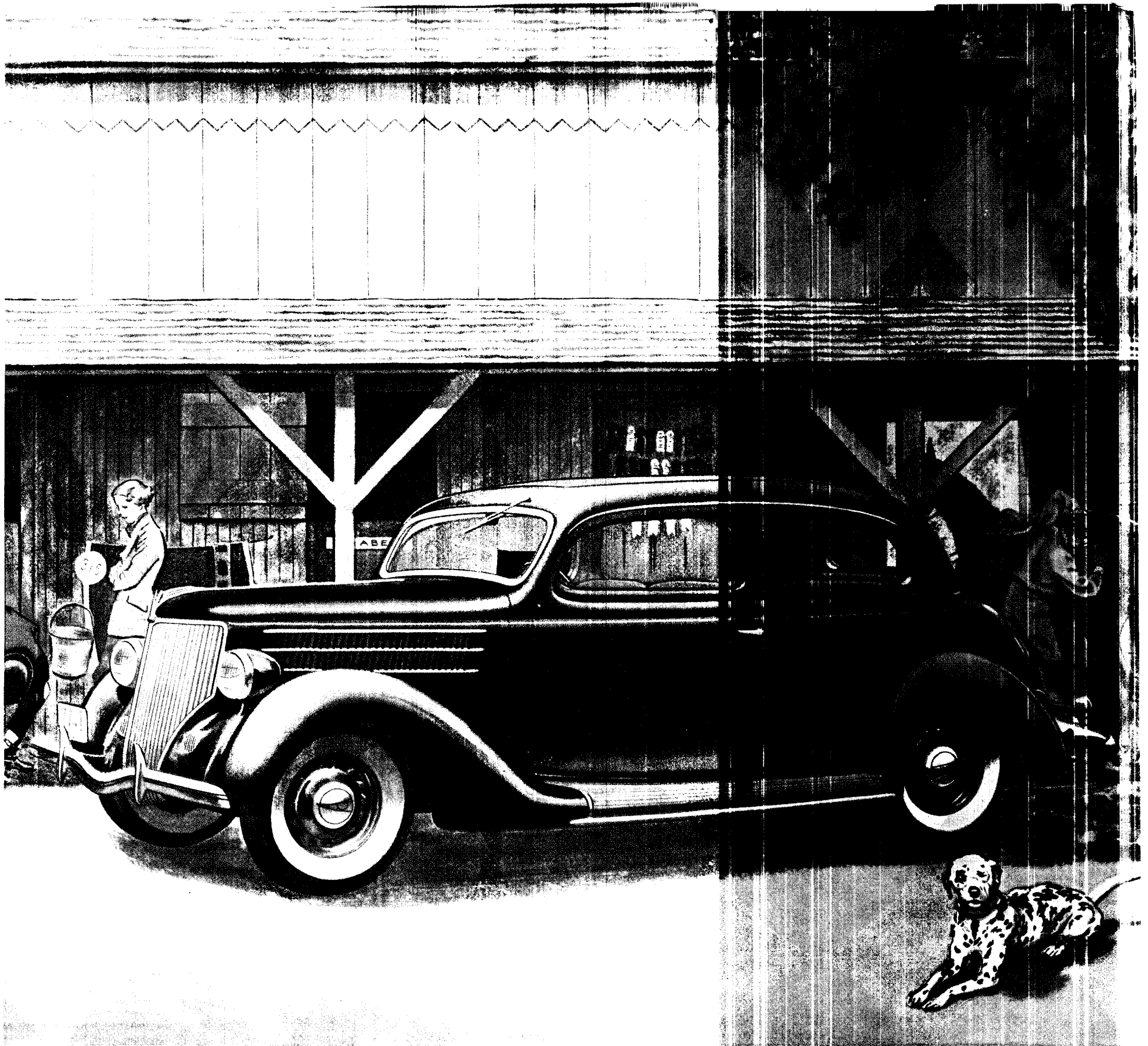
Architects are, of course, essential to sound design and before actual construction is attempted the services of a competent architect should be secured. Like other professional men and women, architects charge fees, but good plans and intelligent supervision of their execution are worth the prices charged.

Only an architect can build beauty into a house, and beauty, intangible though it be, adds tangible value to any structure. Houses built fifty or a hundred years ago and longer have continued to be desirable if they were well designed. The ugly house built yesterday is obsolete already.

If you are the kind of person who enjoys a pleasant home and who has deferred to a more convenient season the desire to build, look about and consider if now is not the time for which you were longing. If you satisfy yourself that you can prudently assume the responsibility of owning your own home, a fine adventure lies ahead.

It is fun to plan a house and to become familiar with the new ideas, devices, materials and machines which are ready for the home builders of 1936. The very mechanics of present-day house construction is in itself a thrilling story. Men's minds have been very active during these recent years.

But far more exciting than the wood and stone and metal and all the other materials and calculations and things which go into the making of a house is the idea of your own home. It is one idea which happily has not grown old or outmoded. Nature, it seems, knows how to take care of her own.



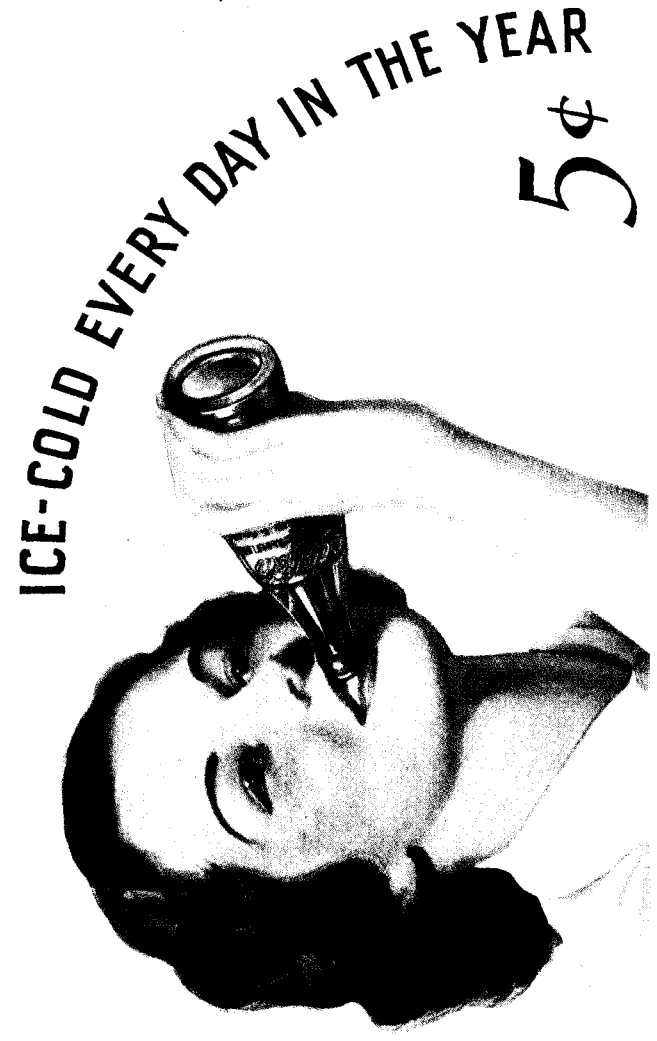
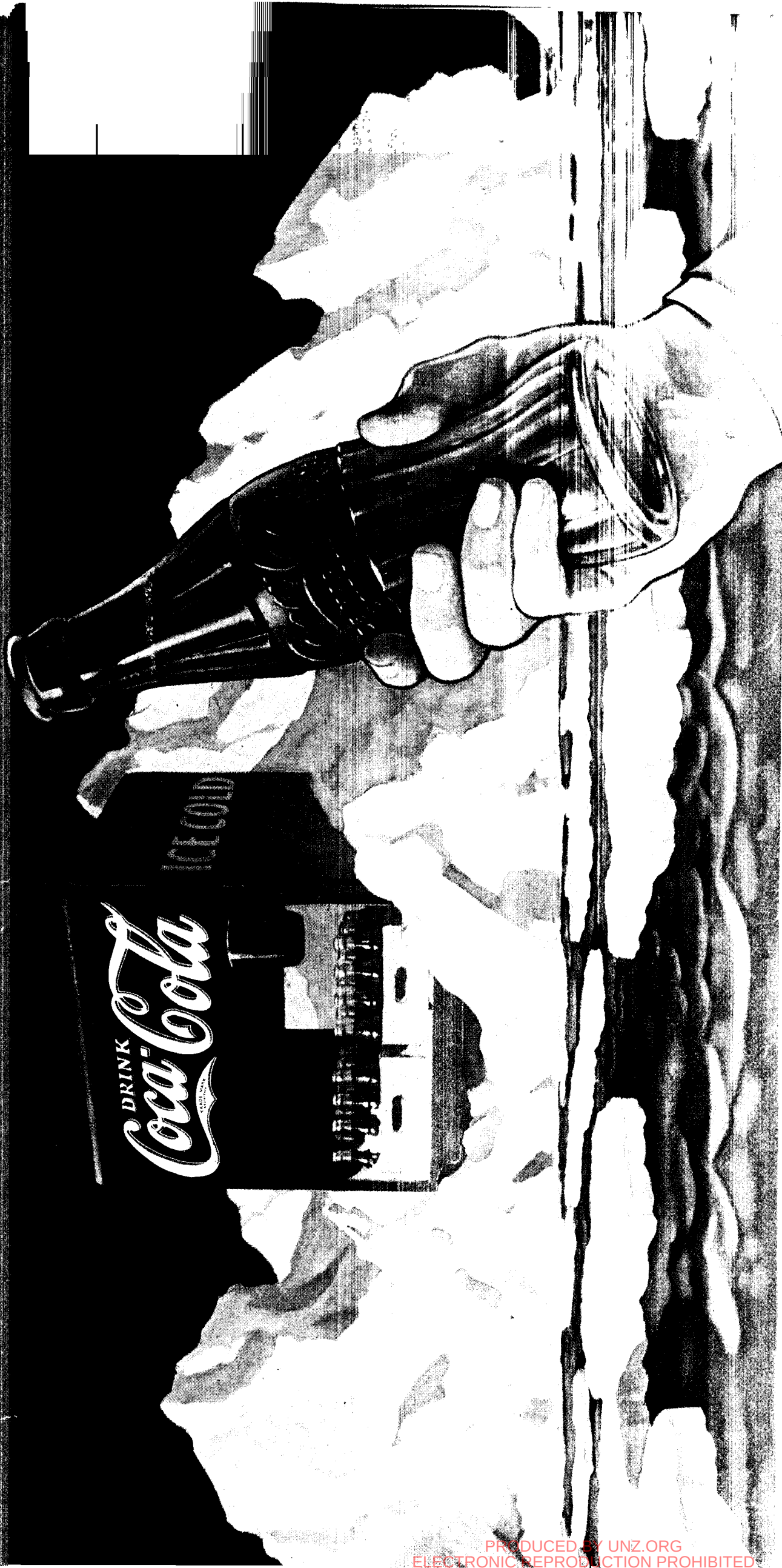
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